GERMAN STEEPLECHASE C. AMERY

THE NATION

MAY 20, 1968 35 cents

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A Study in Law and Order

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LETTERS

ghost

Detroit, Mich.

DEAR SIRS: Thanks for the perfect timing of Robert Sherrill's piece on Hubert Humphrey ["Hubert Humphrey: Speaking in Tongues," *The Nation*, Apr. 29]. It greatly increased our amusement at his announcement speech. What I want to know is—did Mr. Sherrill write that speech for Hubert? *Lucy Haessler*

epithets

San Francisco, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: You call Hubert Humphrey deceptively plain, soft and pliable almost to the point of womanliness, the weeping hawk, the friendly fat kid on the block, that pudgy huckster, glib, arrogant, a brain picker, shallow, an opportunist, wishy-washy, an unlighted hulk, just short of crackpot and unstable. I did not think that *The Nation* would ever resort to name-calling or mud-slinging.

John Edison

books and truncheons

New York City

DEAR SIRS: A. M. Rosenthal's front-page story in *The New York Times* (May 1) quotes a policeman in President Kirk's office at Columbia as saying about the students, "The whole world is in these books . . . how could they do that?"

As a resident of a building that Columbia owns in Morningside Heights, I must question: how can I pay my rent to an administration that calls in police who beat, kick and assault students, faculty, reporters and bystanders? Those who may not have wanted to get involved in the dispute were ironically forced to do so by the truncheons.

Eve Merriam

Styron's Turner

Harrison, N. Y.

DEAR SIRS: As one of William Styron's earliest mentors and supporters . . . I have watched his literary career with an increasing sense of disenchantment and despair.

I consider that *The Confessions of Nat Turner*, which marks the zenith of his commercial success and popular prestige, is in fact the nadir of his true literary talent. A product of the McCarthy period, Styron is now paying the price for his earlier lack of concern with history, society and politics.

Thus for him to describe Mr. Aptheker in the terms he has used ["Truth and Nat Turner: An Exchange," *The Naion*, Apr. 22] is simply outrageous. Everybody knows that Mr. Aptheker, whatever his political persuasion, is the standard authority on slave revolts and on Nat Turner in particular.

It does Mr. Styron no credit, moreover, to try to slither around his own statements in *The New York Times*—nor to invoke a Marxist critic in order to camouflage his own anti-Communist bias. *Maxwell Geismar*

New York City

DEAR SIRS: William Styron may believe he has found the ultimate defensive-offensive ploy—quoting the Communist Lukacs against the Communist Aptheker. To do so, however, he distorts Lukacs' intention and takes him out of context. In part this involves flagrantly misapplying Lukacs' remarks on feeling in the drama, to the novel. The worst of it, however, is Styron's effort to make us

(Continued on page 663)

EDITORIALS

Five Democrats

They are Kennedy, Branigin and McCarthy in Indiana; Gilligan and Lausche in Ohio. So far none of the commentators seems to have coupled the result in the Ohio Democratic primary with the result in Indiana. But there is a connection, as those who remember Gene I. Maeroff's piece, "Ohio: Politics After Johnson" (*The Nation*, April 22) will readily recognize.

First, Indiana. The New York *Daily News* headline expressed the result perfectly in prize-fight parlance: "Kennedy Decisions McCarthy." Kennedy won, but he didn't knock McCarthy out. McCarthy stayed in the running by at least 7 percentage points: he got 27 per cent, Branigin 31, Kennedy 42. Had McCarthy got 20 per cent, it still would not have eliminated him but it would have been a weak showing. As it is, running close to Branigin, the native son in the peculiarly isolationist Hoosier state, McCarthy did pretty well. His belief is plausible that if the contest had been between only the two foreigners, he would have attracted more of the Branigin vote than would Kennedy. And, as he points out, Kennedy did not get a majority, which would have shown real strength.

Branigin, whatever his pretensions, was a stand-in for Humphrey. Between them, McCarthy and Kennedy got 69 per cent of the vote. What this foreshadows is that if Kennedy and McCarthy do not kill each other off—if the one who loses nationally supports, as wholeheartedly as a losing politician can, the one who wins—Humphrey can be dumped.

Humphrey cannot shake Johnson, under whom he served and who, in the last analysis, dumped himself. Aside from this stigma, Humphrey is in the anomalous position now of having to rely largely on those Democrats such as the Wall Street director of directors, Sidney Weinberg (who would prefer to have things as little changed as possible), while still trading on his greatly exaggerated reputation as a liberal. In the current situation, a liberal cannot be authentic if he favors what Johnson has been doing in Vietnam, and promises to "fight communism" on the same premises elsewhere if the occasion arises.

Now, Ohio. Lausche was the Administration voice in that primary. In any realistic sense, for years he had not been a Democrat at all, but under that party designation he had been elected governor of Ohio *five* times before being sent to the Senate. As Maeroff pointed out, he flew with the highest of the hawks until (perhaps with a premonition that it was going to be unhealthy up there) he tried to mollify his critics last summer with a declaration that the United States should stop bombing North Vietnam and take the issue to the United Nations. His other motive was to show up Ho Chi Minh as a warmonger. Before President Johnson went to Canossa, Lausche had once again joined the hawks.

On the record, Gilligan could not compete with Lausche. He was a six-term Cincinnati councilman and a former teacher of modern literature and poetry at Xavier University, and he had served a single term in Congress.

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But he had been a dove right along. What this imprecise term means in his case was that, not without some experience in war (he won the Silver Star at Okinawa), he dismissed U.S. military victory in Vietnam as an impossible objective. From the start, he opposed bombing North Vietnam. He said things like, "We had better start marking some limits and reduce the situation to reality, ending our Holy War against communism." Time was when that sentence alone would have insured his defeat, but on the basis of nearly complete returns he had 480,512 votes against Lausche's 379,921.

In short, the political world changes, with the old politics giving place to new. As William Shannon remarked in *The New York Times* on May 6, a quiet revolution is taking place, with the Johnsonian consensus as its first victim. In the improbable event that Humphrey can make it to the White House, he could not reassemble the remnants. As for Kennedy, he has said himself that it is still a long road to the convention, and he shows signs of not wearing well with the American people. McCarthy does stir the discerning, and if he can pick up enough support from the great mass of average, well-meaning but essentially apolitical voters, he may introduce us to a new, creative style in national politics.

The Real Issue

Last month, Britain began to look like a country as tainted with racism as the United States, and indeed it is altogether likely that race conflict will continue for a long time in these and other countries. Yet the basic issue, whether there or here, is not race at all. Race prejudice and hatred are only the conspicuous symptoms of a sickness that is essentially socio-economic; it cannot be cured except by massive injections of social justice.

Between 800,000 and 1 million "colored" (Indians, Pakistanis, black Africans and West Indians) live in Britain—not more than 2 per cent of the population. Yet when Enoch Powell, a right-wing Conservative, called for their "repatriation" and an end to further immigration (for which speech he was promptly fired from the Conservative shadow cabinet), a substantial section of the working class came to his support. It was not a pretty spectacle. Longshoremen struck in protest, sang *Bye-Bye Blackbird* outside Westminster Palace, and shouted, "Keep Britain white!" One member of a group that called on Ian Mikardo, the Labour member representing the east London dock area, screamed, "You'll get nothing out of him, he's a . . . . . Jew." Mikardo called his assailant a "Fascist," whereupon the delegation emerged from his office protesting that he had applied the term to all of them.

Obviously an ugly situation is in the making, and in England, as among U.S. "ethnic" groups and rednecks, passion against nonwhites runs high. But it must not be overlooked that it is much easier for the educated and affluent to be "tolerant" than it is for Americans newly elevated to the lower middle class, or for British workingmen in the classical sense, whose fathers were workingmen and whose sons will be workingmen. They are the ones with whom the "colored" compete, and often in a

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manner bound to breed resentment. Immigrant workers concentrated in industrial areas in far higher ratios than the overall 2 per cent, are usually cheaper to hire and, as the April 28 London *Observer* puts it, "will sometimes accept working conditions which, in the case of a white, would provoke union action." The *Observer* adds that there is "a degree of sweated labor in the Midlands and the North, where most of the factories that employ more coloreds than whites are found."

In short, the "coloreds" are sweated by the managerial class and hated by the less enlightened white workers, who do not raise a similar outcry against Cypriots, Maltese, New Zealanders, Canadians and Irish; of the last-named alone, 500,000 have come to England since 1945. The "colored" carry a badge of difference and can thus be singled out as targets. Race would be wholly irrelevant, or at least not a prime consideration (sex competition is also sometimes a factor), were it not for the fears and resentments aroused by the economic struggle.

Wherever circumstances stimulate or aggravate competition for status, power and income, this kind of scapegoating is a sure consequence; and the more precarious the situation of the adversaries, the more intense the reaction. The competition need not even be real, nor on a significant scale. The mere threat of a competitive situation can trigger the reaction, and it will then be fed by pre-existing frustrations and hostilities.

The issue cuts across class and party lines to a considerable extent. Not all Tories, by any means, support Enoch Powell—nor do all British workingmen, some of whom are among the most enlightened and class-conscious in the world. But one cannot blink the fact that Powell has strong worker support, as does George Wallace here.

What Britain needs is a further overhauling of its social structure, modernization of its industry (which calls for capital and stopping the "brain drain"—or, alternatively, democratic socialism) and independence of the United States, diplomatically and militarily. Sending every "colored" back to where he came from and barring further entries will not go one centimeter toward solving the complex problem.

Frozen Policy

On May 1, the State Department viewed with "interest and sympathy" recent developments in Czechoslovakia. At that time, Robert J. McCloskey, speaking for the Department, indicated a desire to discuss with the Czechs issues that stand in the way of cordial relations between the two countries. This marks a potentially productive change from the U.S. position that was criticized by *The Washington Post* two weeks earlier (April 14): "For years American officials have called on Communist states to liberalize internally and turn a more independent face to the West, but now that Czechoslovakia is doing this, officials find themselves unprepared to encourage or otherwise respond to the change."

And it is not merely that our State Department people have been unresponsive; the Czechs would have a good case if they accused them of bad faith. The United States holds 18.4 tons of gold which the Nazis seized from the Czechs in World War II and which we seized from the Nazis. Czechoslovakia has been trying for fifteen years to get that gold back. In 1961, an agreement was reached whereby Czechoslovakia was to compensate the United States for $12 million of American property it had nationalized, and unfreeze some accounts; in exchange, we would return the gold, worth at that time about $20 million. The agreement was initialed by the negotiators but never honored by the State Department, which now values the assets nationalized by the Czechs at $54 million.

Granted that there may be legislative and political difficulties, if the State Department and the President had the will, it is inconceivable that they could not find the way to settle this matter—which in terms of international finance is a trifle. The original agreement should be carried out without further procrastination. Then, as an affirmative, tactful gesture, we should extend a long-term credit to the liberalized Czech Government. They are starved for currency, but the trade possibilities are excellent. The Czechs are not mendicants. They manufacture excellent products that our people would buy, given the chance.

Not only should we do something of this sort immediately but we should do it without the slightest fanfare. The whole procedure should be quiet and unostentatious and not be hailed as a triumph for our diplomacy. Above all, it should not be made to seem an attempt to seduce Czechoslovakia from its alliance with the Soviet Union, for the fact is that the Russians are, and will remain, the predominant military power in that region. On the contrary, Western diplomacy and propaganda should be urging moderation on the Czech hotheads who dream of a necessarily self-defeating uprising against communism. The Czechs can make gains but they cannot turn Eastern Europe upside down. Europe wants no more of a 1956 Hungary, with the U.S. radio calling the "freedom fighters" to arms and then prudently standing aside while the Russian tanks roll over them.

There is a real opportunity here. If we do not grab it, the only possible conclusion is that on our side the interests that want the cold war to go on indefinitely still have the upper hand.

Pity Poor NASA

The inevitable campaign is on to restore to NASA its former prestige and appropriation-cadging ability. NASA has been accustomed to a yearly allotment of $5 billion, but in the present state of the dollar—and of the country generally—this is being cut, and by all indications will be cut further in future years. There have been and will be no cuts in Apollo, the men-to-the-moon program, but post-Apollo is suffering.

The Nation has never opposed space exploration. Its stand has been, however, that there should be no cold-war race to the moon—that it does not matter whether Americans get there by midnight, December 31, 1969, or at some later date. NASA clings obstinately to the end-of-the-decade goal set by President Kennedy in 1961, an in-

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sistence which may well entail some added risk for the astronauts who essay the first flight. As for Mars and Venus, the principal objectives of post-Apollo, it will be no calamity if they are explored by men or instruments a few years later than the NASA promoters would like.

NASA has been busy trying to take evasive action on the cuts in government spending which are in the offing, and several experts have offered more or less rational arguments for their side. It has remained for Wernher von Braun, the famed director of NASA's Marshall Space Center in Alabama, to link the perils of NASA with the perils, as he sees them, of the war on poverty. The other day he warned the Senate Space Committee that if it "bleeds" the space program it will be headed for the status of a "have-not nation" like Britain. "The British," he explained, "built up welfare programs in the '50s while ignoring the burgeoning aerospace technology. Now, they don't have enough money to pay for their welfare programs."

Dr. von Braun is the best man in the country on rocket propulsion, but what he doesn't know about the causes of Britain's economic troubles would fill volumes. He is equally ignorant about Japan. We should be wise, he argues, to emulate Japan, "which showed a deliberate disregard for social welfare programs in the '50s" and now is thriving in shipbuilding and electronics.

He neglects at least four facts: the prosperity of Japanese industry redounds to the advantage of the Japanese capitalists; the bulk of the Japanese people are profoundly dissatisfied with their living standard; Japan has no incipient Negro insurrection on its hands, and Japan has no space program worth mentioning. Dr. von Braun is entitled to do what he can for NASA, but he had better stick to his rockets and avoid forays into statesmanship.

Ecology: Getting Worse

In the last week in April, two newsworthy events took place in New York City. One was the student insurrection at Columbia University, which on April 26 pre-empted about a third of the front page of *The New York Times* and a full inside page. The other was a two-day conference, "Challenge for Survival," held in the elegant precincts of Rockefeller University and at the New York Botanical Garden, which needed and deserved far more public and private attention than it got.

Despite valiant public relations efforts and the attendance of some 300 experts on the conservation (and pollution) of land, air and water, supported by several big names in the scientific and literary worlds, the usually conscientious *Times* responded only with a delayed reaction in the Sunday, May 5, garden section. In contrast, in the May 5 first section the *Times* gave immediate, well-deserved coverage to a May 4 press conference of the National Association for Mental Health, calling attention to the fact that there is a great deal more illness—including mental illness—among the poor.

This illustrates one of the handicaps of ecology: superficially, the human-interest factor is not commensurate with the human importance of the field. But what should interest people more than whether they, and their children, can survive in the now largely human-made environment? This is no exaggeration. Opening the second day's proceedings, Dr. William C. Steere, director of the Botanical Garden, said that what he had heard on the first day had "scared hell" out of him. At this point, only misuse of land and air had been discussed; water was still to come.

The generally gloomy bionomic picture is slightly relieved by two patches of light. One is that such a conference could have been held at all. Ten years ago, one participant remarked, it would have been inconceivable. Ecology was then a matter almost solely of academic concern, and expense alone would have been an obstacle; this time, however, the National Science Foundation provided supplementary support. The second ray of hope is the fact that industry is beginning to realize that operations which contribute to the degradation of the environment produce bad public relations now and may lead to worse consequences in the future.

Perhaps the greatest service of the symposium was in bringing out the cumulative abuse of the biosphere. The very first speaker quoted F. R. Fosberg on "The Preservation of Man's Environment": "It is entirely possible that man will not survive the changed environment that he is creating, either because of failure of resources, war over their dwindling supply, or failure of his nervous system to evolve as rapidly as the change in environment will require." But this is not a current statement. Fosberg was quoted from *Proceedings of the Ninth Pacific Science Conference,* 1957, and since then the spoliation of nature has gone on apace.

What threatens is not a new malignancy but one that is metastasizing with increasing speed. More than 300 years ago, before Watt invented his steam engine, London was already beset by smoke palls. But that was an exceptional situation; now it is far from exceptional and it gets a good deal of attention, though not nearly enough in proportion to the menace it presents.

The hazards are increased because of the insidious nature of some of the deleterious effects. G. M. Woodwell of the Brookhaven National Laboratory, accustomed to thinking of radioactive substances in terms of half-lives, pointed out that DDT persists with a half-life in excess of ten years, and in that period can have "catastrophic effects on animal populations all over the world."

Similarly, when air pollution reaches disaster levels (the Meuse Valley, Donora, London), it gets into the headlines, but only specialists pay much attention to the lesser concentrations that cause respiratory distress in the susceptible, with perhaps long-term harm to others.

Nor is much attention paid to the role of war in the ruination of the environment. Pierre Dansereau of the New York Botanical Garden said it was difficult for a practicing ecologist "to satisfy himself that some of the modifications of the landscape in Vietnam are not irreversible. . . . Clean agriculture, clean industry, clean urbanization, and clean war are about as clean as our conscience as scientists. . . ."

The New York Botanical Garden and Rockefeller University conference should be an annual event, and the press should feature it according to its actual importance —which is far greater than the public now realizes.

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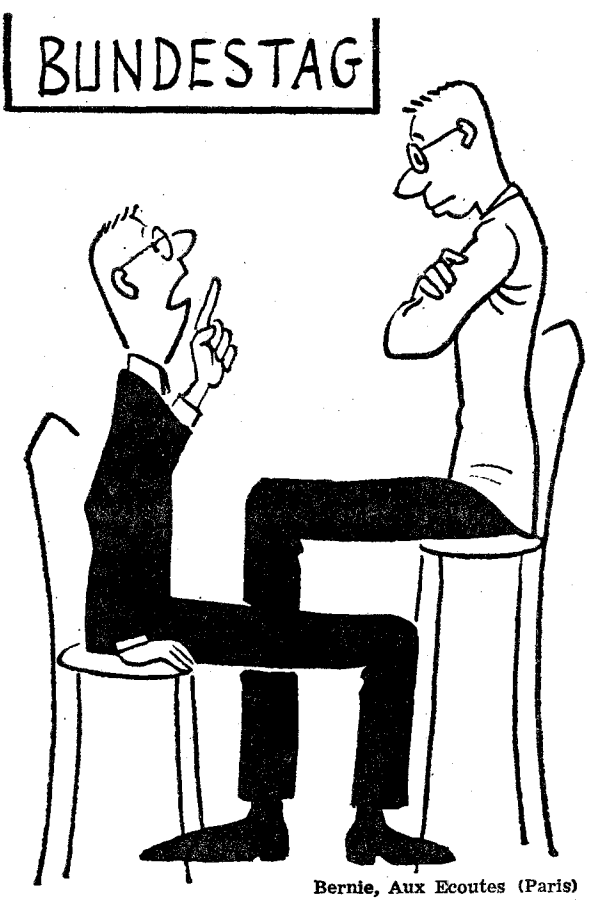
GERMAN STEEPLECHASE

C. AMERY

Bonn

The heavy National Democratic Party (NPD) percentage in the recent Baden-Württemberg state elections (9.8 per cent of the vote) came as no surprise to most German observers. In fact, pre-election polls had indicated that the ultra-right-wing vote might rise to 15 per cent. The most spectacular single cause, so it seemed, was the Easter rioting of the students—or, as it is more accurate to say, of the militant core of the extra-parliamentary opposition. (In true German style it has institutionalized itself by alphabetizing its title: APO for Ausserparlamentarische Opposition.) It is true, no doubt, that the dawn-age reporting and editorializing of the Springer press, pursued now for almost a year, created the atmosphere for the poor madman to shoot Rudi Dutschke; but, unfortunately, it is also true that the APO has compounded its misfortune by fulfilling Axel Springer's dearest wishes. Nothing could have been better for the Hamburg newspaper czar than the ensuing state of emergency whereby reluctant Socialist mayors were forced to defend their "property rights" against brickbatters and arsonists. While Springer is no NPD fan, it is certainly difficult for outside observers to see where the line is drawn. At the very least, an unsuspecting reader of his papers must have come to the conclusion that it was high time to re-establish "law and order"—i.e., the rule of the night stick.



Bernie, Aux Ecoutes (Paris)

"Well, Mein Herr, Do You Believe in a Nazi Danger in Germany?"

Closer scrutiny, however, makes one doubt the overall importance of the neo-Nazi backlash factor. Bitter spokesmen of the Social Democrats, who lost most heavily, almost 9 per cent, blamed the trade unions for their setback; and while this is certainly Monday morning quarterbacking, it reveals unease in the party of Willy Brandt and Herbert Wehner. Since it entered the Grand Coalition, the SPD has been losing the rank-and-file support of class-conscious older workers, as well as the allegiance of the turbulent young. But more important for election results, it has become uninteresting to the "old-style indignants," of David Riesman memory, who make up so large a percentage of Germany's population. Distrustful of the present order, haunted by ghosts of Wilhelmian "stability," and threatened in its identity by the emergence of a modern technocratic capitalism, this class (or morass of decaying classes) has produced a considerable oppositional floating vote ever since the founding of the Federal Republic. When the lure of respectability proved overwhelming and the SPD entered the government, it necessarily became part of that establishment which is still highly suspect to the social primitives of the German provinces. The only legitimate opposition party still remaining, the Free Democrats, were somewhat invigorated by the election results (they picked up 2 per cent), but their new style, preached by Rolf Dahrendorf, who is known abroad for his *Democracy and Society in Germany*, is an enlightened liberalism and obviously unacceptable to the authoritarian floaters. In other words, an NPD jump of almost 10 per cent was no more than normal under the circumstances.

Normalcy of that kind is shocking, of course, and Western observers of Germany were right to be shocked. The steady growth of the German neo-Nazis supports another contention of leftist opinion, both in Germany and abroad: that Adenauer's cold-war policies did not overcome but only masked an existing malaise of German consciousness, and that the showdown would come when the obvious need for a Russo-American deal—that is, the common responsibility to maintain the miserable kind of peace we all now endure—ended the artificial union of "solid" and "unsolid" right-wing forces in Germany. The violent spokesmen of the Right, in particular the *Nationalzeitung und Soldatenzeitung*, openly favor a complete switch of foreign policy. They advocate concerted pressure by Germany and Peking (!) on the United States and Russia, to "regain" the lost territories in the East and effect other changes dear to their hearts. Harebrained as this sounds, it reveals the deep unease that is fostered by the U.S.-USSR entente.

What, if any, remedies can be applied? It would seem to me that things must become worse before they can become better. Any government that remembers the not so distant past will have to make it clear to Germany that its international credit depends on its internal development; this, in turn, will strengthen the professional haters. But—

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and this is important—those haters themselves depend on an obsolete social consciousness. Both foreign and domestic efforts will have to concentrate on creating the New Germany, a Germany that responds to its technological, social and political realities. All parties, including the Socialists, have dawdled too long, have nursed at least some of the amorphous resentments that lurk in the old corners, have played at least a few motifs of the old Wagnerian score. They have neglected a thorough reform of Germany's educational establishment; they have been content to put up with a system of pork-barreling which costs today almost one-third of the federal budget, and which keeps alive economic and social structures that are unable to advance, but unwilling to die. Ironically, the students who are denounced by Springer and company as the "matriculated mob," have the clearest and most concrete case against this establishment. All their considerable shortcomings—their romantic violence, their yearning for in-group warmth, their mistakes of method and goal of attack—are sins which they share with their enemies: metahistorical and metapolitical thinking, excessive indulgence in "structural" thought, even a certain *mystique* of bloodshed.

Nevertheless, it is significant that the real violence did not come until the police "counterattacked": law and order has always had a strong advantage in Germany when it has been a question of squelching "rebellion." There remains one indisputable fact: Germany needs students, needs them desperately and fast. If this society does not propose to cut its own throat, it must come to terms with the new Ausserparlamentarische Opposition. It is possible, of course, that the neo-Nazis, who in the last analysis are bent on suicide, will clamor for the universities to be closed—as Franco did close some of them in Spain. But if the establishment has a few more years left to it (as it does), and is not completely blind to its own survival, the German steeplechase may still come up with a legitimate winner.

BATTLE OF CHICAGO

A STUDY IN LAW AND ORDER

JOSEPH L. SANDER
Mr. Sander, a free-lance writer, teaches a writing workshop, reviews plays for Skyline, *a Chicago magazine, and is a civilian adviser to local poverty and urban renewal agencies.*

Chicago

On April 27, a parade-demonstration was held in Chicago. An annual event of the Chicago Peace Council, it was prepared for by months of organization, applications for proper permits, and the eagerness of citizens to express peacefully their feelings about the three topics of deepest concern in the nation's life—peace, racism and poverty. But the city government fears for its image after the recent expression by black people of how they regard local conditions; and those who decide what shall be permitted in Chicago used the Peace Council's mobilization to serve indirect notice on the populace that between now and the Democratic National Convention in August demonstrations against the policies of government will not be tolerated. In a systematic betrayal of contract, permit, verbal agreement and constitutional guarantee, various city agencies made it impossible for more than 5,000 citizens to attain their peaceful objective, and much violence was deliberately provoked and then harshly put down.

Law and order came to mean not the fulfillment of a contract by the Chicago Park District to provide sound equipment so that the demonstrators might be informed of what was happening, but the illegal holding of pedestrians on city sidewalks at the arbitrary discretion of the police for as long as two hours. The duplicity involving the loss of promised sound equipment was not discovered until shortly before the meeting was to begin. Then a visit by the parade committee to the Park District office found it staffed only by a janitor. Contact was made with the Park District's legal chief, a man named Kerwin, who informed the committee that the sound equipment operators had refused to operate the system, and that union officials at IBEW would not permit supervisory personnel to do so.

In the absence of loud-speakers, there was no way to advise the marchers of last-minute changes in plan brought about by revised rulings from city agencies. This set the stage for what was, to the eye of this reporter, a planned series of provocations that produced the anticipated result of blood on the civic center pavement.

Thus, the paraders started off in the general belief that they were legally entitled to parade the streets to the Civic Center Plaza where they would hear a speech by Alderman A. A. ("Sammy") Rayner of Chicago's Sixth ward. But though permits for the use of the center plaza had been sought, they were rejected on the ground that much needed repairs to the almost new plaza were scheduled for that date. (The repairs turned out to be sidewalk caulking, and the plaza that couldn't have stood a citizen's foot upon it on Saturday was the scene on the following morning of a Shriner's Motorcycle Contingent group exercise and picture posing around the Picasso statue.)

To assure a peaceful assembly and march, Alderman Rayner had secured use of a room in City Hall for the parade committee to meet well in advance with the various agencies who might be involved—the Chicago Park District, the Department of Streets and Sanitation, the Police Department and the Frank M. Whiston company, managers of the Civic Center Plaza (Mr. Whiston is also president of the Chicago Board of Education). But not one official representative of any of those departments re-

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sponded to the invitation to plan a peaceful meeting, except the Police Department which sent a man to say, substantially, that the laws of the city would be enforced.

Thus put off in their first attempt to smooth the progress of the parade, the committee met with the Bureau of Streets and Sanitation, which is responsible for parade permits. The committee looked to the Loop area, but another parade had already been scheduled there, and a city ordinance prohibits a second parade in the Loop on the same day. So a compromise was worked out, as neither side wished to take the case to court, the city being concerned lest its parade statutes be declared unconstitutional, and the parade committee being afraid that delays might make it impossible to march at all.

It was agreed that an 11-block parade permit would authorize the demonstration's march along Columbus Drive (in the park) north to Monroe Drive and east to Michigan Avenue. It was also agreed that the police would facilitate the further progress of the marchers, walking on the sidewalks, through the Loop to their destination at the Civic Center Plaza, if the parade committee was willing to accept an assigned route, which it did. For this passage, the paraders were to become pedestrians by legal definition and to require no permit.

No sooner had the first contingent of the paraders turned pedestrians crossed Michigan Avenue when the first arrest was made. Taken into custody was Joe Horton, regional traveler for SDS. The arrest was atypical, as most of those seized later turned out not to be organizational people. It was also interesting because the offender was not moving quickly enough when spoken to by a police officer. Two plain-clothes men grabbed Horton, shouting, "I've got him." In the apparent belief that he had been set upon by hostile onlookers, he twisted out of their grasp, whereupon he was forcibly "subdued" and hustled into a waiting police car.

Far from facilitating the paraders' progress across the Loop, the police held up marchers at stop lights, not just for the ordinary span of a red light, but for span after span, so that the crowd piled up in the streets behind. Then, of course, came the order to stay on the sidewalk. Then the order to make aisles so that cross-pedestrian traffic could get through. This brought confusion to the march, breaking the massive parade into tiny segments that it was hoped would not be so noticeable a blot on the serenity of the city.

After the first few hundred marchers had reached the Civic Center, the police held up further progress of demonstrators on a corner across from the plaza and refused to permit them to leave their ranks. The message was that, since the plaza itself could not be stepped on, no additional demonstrators would be permitted to cross until those already there had dispersed. The law indicated that pedestrians may rightfully continue walking around the plaza sidewalk, and this was the order given by the parade committee. Demonstrators, with a few individual exceptions, respected the polystyrene "ropes" that had been put up. Even after the ropes had parted, the demonstrators did not break their end of the bargain by moving onto the forbidden ground.

It must be borne in mind that the experience of most of the marchers was a continuous betrayal by city and police officials, and that anger and frustration were high by the time the Civic Center area had been reached. When about half of the marchers had made the perilous journey across the last street, the police held up the other half. There was no apparent reason, but they were kept waiting ten or fifteen minutes. This at length became too much to bear, as the police surely knew it must, and a great cry went up from those already at the plaza for the others to join them. Suddenly a rush of people took the police by surprise and broke across Dearborn Street for

the length almost of a city block. The police tried to give chase, but realized the futility and regained what was left of their dignity by continuing to hold back those who had missed the first rush.

One youth, identifiable because of his long hair, was spotted by a policeman whom he had earlier eluded and suddenly, though things had long since quieted down, the boy saw the policeman rushing at him. He began to run and the officer ran after him, beating him on the head with his night stick, and finally brought in his prey. A few people were arrested on the plaza and brought inside the building. One young man who couldn't obey a police order to move because of the crush of people behind him, was arrested and dragged away by two officers, to whom he offered no resistance, while a third sprayed him with Mace en route. Mace could be used even more wantonly, as those arrested discovered. The door of a locked paddy wagon would be opened and an arm would enter, spray Mace inside the wagon, withdraw, and then the door would be shut again on the unventilated space.

Wedged between two policemen near the fountain at the edge of the plaza, Mark DiSuvero, a sculptor who is working temporarily on a major project in Chicago, was wrestled off balance and thrown into the fountain, where he was beaten with clubs and sprayed with Mace before

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being arrested. More than half of those arrested report that they were subjected to Mace *after* arrest. One person said that Mace was used on him as he lay strapped to a stretcher inside a Fire Department ambulance that was taking him to the hospital.

After some time, the police apparently felt that the period for the assembly had run out; they formed a wedge and began to push along the sidewalk and across the plaza, moving forward faster than people could reasonably move backward. Many fell and as fast as they did so were clubbed, kicked, and physically and verbally abused by police officers. Onlookers who protested the action soon became targets themselves.

After the immediate area had been cleared, the police hunted in posses through the Loop, beating and arresting many whose buttons identified them as march participants. Many officers removed their badges and name plates for this action. Newsmen and TV crews were frequently ordered to "get those cameras out of here!" Often, too, a uniformed police officer would step before the camera to prevent its recording the actual descent of a raised club. At one such post-demonstration encounter at the corner of Randolph and State Streets, an officer in a riot helmet, furious because the street was not cleared fast enough, ordered the driver of a halted station wagon to drive right into the crowd. The motorist started forward and knocked down two girls before regaining sanity. About ten arrests were made at this point, several from among onlookers who had not been involved until they saw how law and order was working to protect them. A photographer from the Chicago *Sun-Times* was beaten and had his clothes torn when he tried to take a picture of a woman who had been knocked to the sidewalk, and a reporter on assignment from the City News Bureau likewise suffered a policeman's night stick.

There were about sixty-three arrests, some fourteen of them women. Prisoners were held uniformly for almost seven hours before being permitted to make that important phone call. At no point after arrest or booking were their rights explained to them. No prisoner was brought before a judge to plead for release on his own recognizance, but a uniform bond of $1,000 was set for each. Charges were either disorderly conduct or resisting arrest; a few included attacking a police officer. At no point after the arrests were any prisoners confronted by the arresting officer, and many of those taken up at State and Randolph were booked for resisting arrest at the Civic Center. A further abuse of civil rights was the locking of all outside doors of the Central Police Station, thus excluding for hours those who appeared with bail money. Despite the Chicago Police Department's much boasted automation of procedures, male prisoners began to be released on bail at about 3 A.M. the following day; none of the female prisoners had been seen by 4:30.

Those arriving with bail money were kept in a chairless vestibule that was small and crowded, although inside the booking area four times as much space was available. At intervals a belligerent sergeant would come out and shout that everyone would have to crowd against the walls to keep the aisle clear or he would have all wait outside in the cold. Inasmuch as very few people entered or left the building, the order was regarded as malicious. Tired from waiting in this cheerless spot for five hours, one young man sat down, and the officer made a special trip out to make him stand and to ask him if he thought this was a hotel.

It was the feeling of at least one member of the parade committee that the city government is trying to get across the message that it will not tolerate peaceful demonstrations by local citizens and that any who try to make their grievances known to the public will be made to wish they hadn't. Clark Kissinger, staff co-ordinator of the April Parade Committee, observed that "by making a nonviolent protest impossible, they make a violent one inevitable." He expressed the view that the citizens of Chicago have entered "a new period of a general suspension of constitutional guarantees."

Current city policy seems to have been made clear by both statement and action. Chicago will shoot to kill its arsonists, shoot to maim its looters, and beat into submission those who seek peaceful demonstration of their oppositional social or political feelings. The reality of law and order will not be permitted, but its form will be maintained and its letter enforced.

It may be that the city fathers now think this message has been driven home, or perhaps the reactions of Chicagoans who had been present or seen the brutality on TV suggested that the education in civic docility was being pressed too fast. In any case, a permit was issued for another peace demonstration at the Civic Center Plaza on the following Saturday.

The turnout was somewhat less for this hasty event, perhaps 3,000, but the spirit was jubilant and the change of police attitude was striking. Remembering the events of the previous week, it was almost comical to imagine what orders must have been issued to cause a police lieutenant to pick up a bullhorn and say: "Would you gentlemen please step off the street so a car doesn't hit you?" Or a patrolman at the busy corner where the marchers turned into the plaza to appeal to the applauding onlookers: "C'mon fellas, please move back."

Of course, the plaza was again covered with plain-clothes men, identifiable in Chicago—should you miss the bulge of the revolver over the right hip—by a small green button worn on (or under) the coat lapel. Much of the previous week's action was undertaken by these men, who now just stood together and talked, believing themselves unobtrusive.

Across from the plaza, the movie cameras of Chicago's "Red Squad" were trained on the crowd. Additional photos were taken by a plain-clothes man, dressed as a participant (except for the green button), who stood facing the marchers and got his shots head-on and up close. He was noticeably immune to all suggestions by the patrolmen that the crowd move back.

Summing up the entire two-stage event was a sign scrawled on a window shade and carried as a banner: "This is a lawful, orderly demonstration of Chicagoans." One still must wait to know whether this lesson or the lesson of Mace will prevail in Chicago.

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On Maneuvers with the Red Army

DESMOND SMITH
Mr. Smith spent eight months in Russia as writer-producer of Comrade Soldier, *a one-hour portrait of the Russian GI, to be shown on the A.B.C. network early this summer. Mr. Smith and the television crew were the first Americans to live and work in Soviet Army camps since World War II.*

I was on the training ground of the First Motorized Rifle Regiment, not far from the old Cossack town of Novocherkassk in southern Russia. In summertime the Don countryside, its fields filled with golden sunflowers, resembles a page torn from a Tolstoy romance. But we were surrounded by the grim business of battle training. Although it was a blistering 90 in the shade, the Levchenko platoon, AKM rifles slung across their shoulders, were charging the half-mile obstacle course as though their lives depended on it. After a bit, their platoon commander, 22-year-old Sascha Levchenko, gave them a rest. One of the draftees had brought along his guitar. In the warm shade of the poplar trees the young soldiers sprawled on the grass singing army songs and smoking *paperossi,* the peculiar-looking cardboard filter cigarettes favored by many Russians. Beyond the tree line was a collective farm, field after field filled with drooping sunflowers. As I walked its boundary with Levchenko I told him that his platoon's dash and *esprit* reminded me of our own elite First Cavalry. "We are not elite troops," said Levchenko, "but I think we are much better than your soldiers."

Pride and patriotism are characteristics of the modern Soviet Army, a professionally led citizen army which celebrated its 50th anniversary this spring. No accurate figures are available, but it is conservatively estimated that the Soviets spend more than one-third of their national budget on defense. The USSR literally bristles with military might. Behind the draft army of 2 million are millions of trained reserves which can be mobilized within forty-eight hours. The Soviets manage this by training every able-bodied man after his 18th birthday, and enlisting him after active duty in both the national reserve and the unique network of para-military "sports clubs" that are a basic feature of Soviet life.

From the shaky beginnings fifty years ago, when 38-year-old Leon Trotsky organized the Red Army of Workers and Peasants, to Marshal Andrei Grechko's present-day nuclear-armed Soviet army, the iron principle which has always motivated the ordinary Russian soldier is that the Soviet Army defends the people. Around the staff of the red banner that stands, glass encased, in the vestibule of Moscow's Frunze Military Academy are marble plaques. Each plaque recalls a campaign that Lenin's army has fought, and the sequence starts with Budenny's defeat of the White Army at Voronezh in October, 1919. The names graven on marble have a familiar ring: Stalingrad, Kharkov, Kursk, Moscow, Kiev. Such battles fought in defense of the soil of Mother Russia have given the army a place of special affection in the eyes of ordinary Soviet citizens.

Because of this heroic tradition, the army believes it possesses a soul and that its essence is the spirit of the Soviet people. Sooner or later, a visitor who catches the extraordinary national pride of the army begins to wonder aloud: "What makes these young soldiers such fervent patriots?" When I asked Lieutenant Levchenko, he said: "All my men are, like myself, postwar babies. We grew up in the ruins left by the Hitlerites. We played in the rubble of war. When our parents spoke of the war, it was a war that took place in our streets and parks. It destroyed everything that our revolution had built." Levchenko continued: "Most of us feel an obligation to our parents' generation."

So it is not surprising that the Communist Party has encouraged army planners to maintain and strengthen the bonds forged in wartime between the people and the soldiers. Hardly a town in the Soviet Union is without an army-owned Park of Culture and Rest or an army community center. The Soviet Army does not (like the United States Army) expect the civilians to entertain them; it entertains the public with literally hundreds of army-led choirs, dance troupes and theatre companies. During last summer's 50th anniversary celebrations, Western military specialists were astonished to see—following the formidable rockets—an entire company of Soviet soldiers marching through the Red Square with *small children* on their shoulders carrying flowers.

Such extraordinary goings-on seem perfectly natural to a Russian. On a scale altogether novel in conventional military thought, the Soviet Army has been constructed around its many associations with ordinary people. Each unit in the Soviet Army is "twinned" to a particular factory or farm collective. I couldn't help noticing that Levchenko's platoon seemed especially fortunate. Their civilian partner was a Rostov-on-Don garment factory with a labor force of teen-age girls. Their barracks-room bulletin board was crowded with photographs and messages describing the "Socialist achievements" of Tania and Natasha and the rest of the girls.

The comradely attitude, the *local* view of things, is no artificial creation of the Soviet leadership; it arises realistically enough from the fact that the army's chief role is at home. The great preponderance of the Soviet Union's 140 army divisions are stationed inside its own borders. Moreover, they have been there since 1945. Soviet strategists, unlike our global-minded military thinkers, stick to an old-fashioned belief that the best way to defend your own country is to stay on its soil.

Logically, if only because it has the manpower and resources, the army is called upon from time to time to help out the civilian sector. Thus, when a shattering earthquake half destroyed Tashkent two years ago, the army restored essential services. And not only did army units rebuild the bridges; they also restored damaged roads and apartment houses. Army labor is used to help bring in the wheat harvest; and *Trud,* the labor newspaper, not long ago carried a glowing article on how a unit of army engineers broke up an ice jam by the simple

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process of mortaring the obstruction. But the use of the army for economic functions undeniably creates a conflict between politics and professionalism. I mentioned this to a Soviet general one day, and he muttered in disgruntlement that *his* "first consideration is given to military affairs, techniques and specialist work."

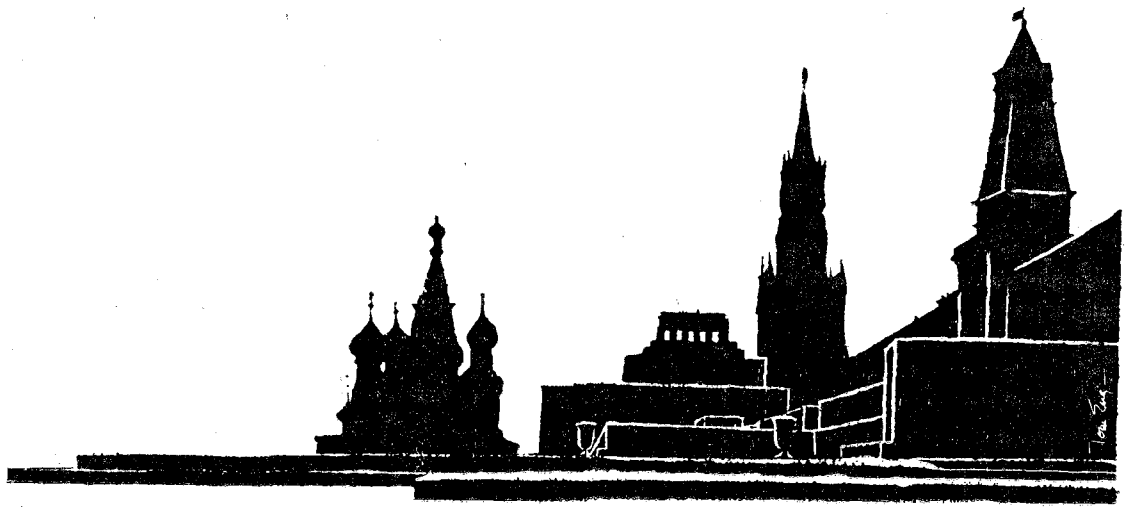
Like the U.S. Army, the Soviet Army relies on the draft for its manpower needs. But in sharp contrast to our army, there are no "Re-up" signs in any Soviet barracks. The long-term soldier is a rarity and, except for rocket troops, re-enlistment is discouraged. The USSR is more rigid about its draft law than is the United States. Military service is the duty—the Soviet Constitution calls it the "sacred duty"—of every citizen. There are no grounds whatsoever for conscientious objection. A draft resister, if a person so declared himself, would be liable to criminal arrest, not by the local police but by the State Security Police. The details are spelled out in a formidable document known as the Draft Law of Universal Military Service. Military preparedness is the underlying theme of its 104 separate articles. When it comes to national security, the Soviets never confuse peace with pacifism. "The first precept of our policy, the first lesson," wrote Lenin nearly fifty years ago, "is to be on the alert, to remember that we are surrounded by people, classes, governments, who openly express the utmost hatred for us."

The 28-year-old draft law was revised last year. Among many changes, student deferments were tightened. Full-time military instructors were introduced into the nation's 36,000 high schools. The draft age was lowered from 19 to 18. About the only item of good news for Soviet youngsters was that the active duty requirement was cut from three years to two, reflecting the more intensive pre-service training requirements. A Soviet youth's military obligation is, in essence, a three-part contract: pre-service training, active duty and reserve duty until the age of 50. A Russian draftee will have done his "boot-camp" training in his spare time, and when he is called up he will be sent directly to his assigned military unit.

It is impossible to understand how the Russian Army runs without some knowledge of DOSAAF (Voluntary Defense Organization for the Soviet Army, Navy and Air Force), the military-patriotic society in which a future Soviet draftee does his pre-service training. Put simply, DOSAAF is the mass defense organization of the nation, a kind of National Guard, Civil Air Patrol and Navy League, all rolled into one.

Parachute jumping, motorcycling, rifle shooting, rocket and flying clubs are entwined in the social fabric of every town and hamlet like an ivy vine; from the flourishing leaves of this vine, wherever one pulls, up pops DOSAAF. At least four cosmonauts began their careers in DOSAAF air clubs: Pavel Popovich, Valery Bykovsky, Yuri Gagarin and the world's only woman cosmonaut, Valentina Tereshkova. "My road to outer space," wrote Gagarin, "began at the Saratov Air Club where skilled instructors inspired me with a passion for flying and helped me find my vocation." DOSAAF's influence is multiplied in many ways: its membership organizes film festivals, book discussions on patriotic themes, visits to civil war and World War II battlefields. In a sense, DOSAAF merchandises national pride, and it does so with the vigor that Proctor & Gamble reserves for the marketing of Tide. To put it mildly, patriotism is encouraged in the Soviet Union. By the time a boy joins the army he is expected to have earned DOSAAF's "Defense of the Motherland" certificate, a parchment sheet emblazoned with red banners testifying to his successes in his military-patriotic education.

To get a feel of what life is like for a Soviet GI, consider the case of Pvt. Anatoly Sezoninko. A draftsman in the Dzerzhinsky Tractor Factory in Volgograd, Sezoninko was inducted last autumn. At the factory he earned between 90 and 100 rubles a month, and since he lived with his parents most of his pay went into his pocket. The two-year army hitch will make a big change in his spending habits. As the newest member of the Levchenko platoon, his pay is only 3 rubles a month, which is about 10c a day. From this, Sezoninko is expected to buy his own toiletries and sewing needs. Curiously, none of the draftees I talked with seemed upset by their low pay. Sezoninko asked me: "Why should we profit from doing our duty? After all, we are fully supported." What was the worst thing about army life? The soldiers laughed. "No vodka!" said one. Soviet soldiers are expected to be



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teetotal during their army service, but one draftee confided to me, "We get plenty of 'milk' in parcels from home."

One misconception about the Soviet Army is that it is undisciplined. The privates do, of course, call their officers "comrade" but they are quick to add the officer's rank after the fraternal greeting. Soldiers are taught to salute not only their officers but also their NCOs. They are not allowed to answer simply *Da* or *Nyet*. Instead they must stand rigid and respond *Yest!* (So it is!) or *Nikak nyet!* (No, certainly!). The weekend pass is unknown; a soldier is allowed only one ten-day leave during his active duty, and this is a privilege, not a right, which can be revoked for poor behavior. For Sezoninko, a typical day in the Levchenko platoon begins at 6 A.M. and ends sixteen hours later at 10 P.M. It is a six-day workweek. Sunday is in theory a day of rest. More often than not, it is a sports day and if the platoon is not participating it is expected to provide "comradely" support for the boys on the field. The translated Russian word for this kind of thing is "voluntary-obligatory." If a soldier smokes, he pays nothing for his cigarettes. Nonsmokers get an increased ration of sugar or candy in lieu of tobacco. For married men, army life is tough. There are no allotments for those without children. Those with children get only a tiny allowance; mothers are expected to put their children in a day nursery and work. In his rare moments away from the barracks and the training field, a Soviet GI must keep in mind item 44 in the Red Book of Regulations: "The serviceman is obliged constantly to set an example of high culture, modesty and self-control, strictly to observe the requirement of Communist ethics and behave with dignity in public places and on the street." I began to understand, after reading through the Red Book, why Soviet soldiers will go to almost any lengths to get a bottle of "milk" from home. It is for the same reason that recruits at Fort Dix sneak off post to have a hamburger and listen to the juke box at the Paradise restaurant.

Red Star, for anyone who remembers *Stars & Stripes,* has to be read to be believed. This newspaper of the Soviet armed forces can be bought at any newsstand, and all army bases have at least one copy posted up in a glass-fronted case. In Novocherkassk I seldom saw anyone reading it. Indeed, it is hard to imagine the ideal reader of *Red Star,* except that he must possess a dogged perserverance. The KILLS WOMAN, BURNS BODY style of headline writing is not for *Red Star*. The one before me has for a main head: TRIUMPH OF THE IDEAS OF LENINISM, THE IDEAS OF OCTOBER. Below this as the lead story is the complete text of a long speech given by a party functionary in the Kremlin Palace of Congresses. Embedded in the text like stones in a river are quotations from Lenin. Every so often the awful monotony is broken by the phrase "stormy applause." Elsewhere on page 1 is a fuzzy picture of soldiers harvesting grain under the caption: LET EVERY HECTARE BE GATHERED! No other reference is made to the topic. Page 2 is devoted to another speech, this one given by an artillery general. The rest of the paper is taken up with the "brilliant successes" of various military units, the power of positive thinking reaching an apogee of sorts with NOVEMBER 19 IS HOLIDAY OF ROCKET TROOPS AND ARTILLERY: CONGRATULATIONS MASTERS OF FORMIDABLE WEAPONS! Close examination reveals that the amount of real news in *Red Star* is distributed in about the same proportion as gold in *Danziger goldwasser*, one part in 10,000. And this at a time when there is such ferment and vitality in Soviet literary life.

Though the army is run on the idea that it is a people's army, a visitor is struck more by the differences between officers and men than by the similarities. It is a draft army led by an almost wholly professional officer corps. In contrast to the other ranks, officers are well paid. Junior Lieutenant Levchenko's base pay of 160 rubles a month is *sixteen* times more than a master sergeant earns, *fifty-three* times more than Private Sezoninko earns. He too is "fully supported." In addition to his pay, he is clothed by the army, fed by a military cooperative, and enjoys the use of the army's sports facilities for his leisure. His medical and dental care cost him nothing, and he and his wife Tamara—like all Soviet citizens—get a month's paid vacation once a year. In their case, they take it at an army rest center. By comparison with civilian standards, Sascha Levchenko is already part of the nation's elite. As a junior grade officer he earns more than a doctor or a lawyer in, say, Rostov-on-Don. In return, he works hard, much harder than his American counterpart. It is not only that he must meet his day-to-day military responsibilities. As a candidate member of the Communist Party he must attend cell meetings, watch the political health of his platoon, participate in community and army social life and pursue his technical education. Levchenko was born in the Cossack town of Ordzenikidze in 1945. He entered the Moscow Military Officers School at 17. His father, a military lawyer, retired from the army not long ago. Levchenko told me his biggest ambition in life is eventually to enter the famed Frunze Academy in Moscow. To do that he will have to be very bright indeed.

The goal of Soviet officer training is to produce a commander who acts, thinks, and leads his troops on the basis of a Marxist-Leninist view of the world. "Without a scientific approach and Marxist methodology," wrote Marshal Rodion Malinovsky, "there can be no scientific leadership of troops in modern conditions. The graduate must understand well that his knowledge is worth little unless, in applying it in practice, he constantly shows himself to be a militant fighter for the application of Communist ideals." The whole stress is political motivation. No one who spends any time with the Soviet Army can fail to be impressed by the hours that soldiers and officers alike spend studying. The pedagogical tone is imposing.

Of the more than twenty full-time military universities in the Soviet Union, easily the best known is in Moscow—the Frunze Academy, named after Mikhail Frunze, the great military theorist of the Revolution. It is occasionally described as Russia's West Point, but that is a misnomer. To enter the prestigious Frunze Academy, an officer must have the rank of Company Commander (Captain) or

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better. Order of the Day No. 47 of the Revolutionary Military Council published on October 7, 1918, stated that the academy had "to give not only a higher military and exhaustive special education but also, as far as possible, a broad general education to enable the persons finishing it to occupy staff and command post and interpret all questions pertaining to political, social and international life."

As the oldest Soviet military academy, it is generally acknowledged to be the single most influential educational force in the army, and its graduates—who are entitled to wear blue and white diamond-shaped badges on their tunics—have a special status all over the Soviet Union. It is attached directly to the General Staff through the Army Historical Section, a little-known "think tank" that specializes in the kind of advanced military thinking that Americans associate with the RAND Corporation and Herman Kahn.

A brisk seven-minute walk from the center of Moscow, the Frunze Academy is a fourteen-story dun-colored building that faces a quiet park not far from the Kremlin. In contrast to West Point, where anyone may wander around the open campus, getting into the Frunze is not simple. Passes are scrutinized closely, both entering and leaving. Inside, the beeswaxed corridors are lined with statues of czarist generals and oil paintings of World War II Soviet generals. I noticed that Marshal Zhukov had a place of honor, and a staff captain told me that "the old boy still comes to see us when he isn't too busy with his fishing." He told my friends and me that we were the first visitors from the United States since 1945. The assistant commandant of the Frunze, a one-star general, took us up several flights of red-carpeted marble stairs to his office. Over fresh fruit and Narzan water—Soviet hospitality is hard to avoid—he told us a little about the academy.

The Frunze has "around" 2,000 students; he wasn't prepared to give a precise figure. These are the elite among field grade officers and marked for higher command. Among them are a smattering of rising foreign officers from the Warsaw Pact countries. When I asked what was the motto of the academy, his reply was quick: "We do not specialize in mottoes. If we had one, it would be Vladimir Ilich's [Lenin's] advice: "Study, study, and study." Later he took us on a tour of the classrooms. We rode up to the ninth floor in an old-fashioned "paternoster"; an open-faced dumb-waiter elevator that you step briskly in and out of as it goes up and down on an endless chain. What impressed me first about the classes was the stern, old-fashioned teacher-pupil relationship. There was certainly nothing Socratic about the teaching method. The students, most of them in their late and middle 30s, sat in stiff rows, elbow touching elbow, facing the teacher. He talked, they made notes. I noticed further the enormous preoccupation with World War II. The corridors are lined with maps, diagrams and photographs of the big battles—Stalingrad-Kursk, Volga-Don and the battle for Moscow. Predictably, the class in tactics that we sat through was discussing the final onslaught on Berlin, where as the colonel-instructor told the rapt audience, "fascism was crushed."

Two months spent with the Soviet Army provides plenty of surprises. I had never known that Soviet soldiers don't wear socks, that instead they bind their feet in cloth strips called *portyanki*; that Defense Minister Andrei Grechko earns a remarkable 4,000 rubles ($4,400) a month salary; that Soviet Army mess halls have a "birthday table," where the mess sergeant provides a birthday cake and special lunch in honor of a soldier's birthday.

I was mildly surprised to see Soviet soldiers kneeling in prayer in Zagorsk Cathedral; I was startled to see them dancing a wild Gypsy dance, arm in arm in a Rostov-on-Don restaurant, and dumfounded to watch them give up their seats in the Moscow Metro when a group of NCOs boarded the train. In Soviet Army slang, mess-hall soup is "shrapnel," and, since he assigns work, the duty soldier is known as the "soup ladle." I knew that the Soviet Army was equipped with 500-seater "air buses"; I was amazed to hear that in the Soviet Far East the army continues to use camels for transportation. I

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was aware that American troops fought side by side with Soviet troops in the battle for Berlin. I was astounded to learn that there is an American military cemetery in Siberia, a grim keepsake from the days when President Wilson sent an expeditionary force ("The Polar Bears") in a misguided attempt to stifle the Russian Revolution.

I still find it hard to believe that there is no mention in any Soviet Army textbook of the man who founded the Red Army—Leon Trotsky, a public relations ploy akin to striking George Washington out of the American Revolution.

I shall end on an optimistic note. Though they support the second largest army in the world, the Soviets have a genuine horror of war. Kremlinologists are generally agreed on one point: that a third world war, fought with nuclear weapons, has no role in Soviet national aims—any more than it has in those of the United States. The nuclear fact has stalemated both Washington and Moscow. Moreover, geography, long the Soviet Union's strategic ace in the hole, will be made meaningless by the orbital bomb. For the Americans and Russians alike, death in any future war will come in a split second.

It has occurred to me that the presence of this huge home army is in itself an encouraging sign. The Soviets make it work for the state's goals in a dozen diverse ways—from ceremonial parades, to its mighty economic role, to its chief duties as a Communist training school for the manpower of the nation. Also it is a powerful morale booster. As I traveled about Russia last summer I kept noticing two billboards, always side by side. The first showed a mother holding a child and was captioned: "For Their Sake We Must Have Peace." The second depicted a steel-helmeted soldier with bayonet fixed: "Ready for the Defense of the Motherland." Almost mortally damaged in 1941, the progress of the revolution Lenin began is still unfinished business inside Russia. The Soviet leadership is showing signs of accommodating itself to the human dimensions of this goal. Meantime most Soviet citizens feel good when they pass a company of soldiers working on one of the dozens of building sites that nowadays ring Soviet cities. Why not? They strike an American visitor as an eminently sensible use of the military mind.

SERVICE FOR WHAT?

MILKING THE PENSION FUNDS

IRVING and JUDITH T. YOUNGER
Mr. and Mrs. Younger are lawyers, both on the faculty of New York University School of Law. Mr. Younger was formerly Assistant United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York.

Private welfare and pension funds have reached a rich maturity. Their assets as of the end of 1966 stood at more than $94 billion, and by 1981 will approach $250 billion. With prosperity has come a certain roughness, disclosures of which have left Congress, like a loving but worried parent, wondering what to do next. For example:

On January 20, *The New York Times* reported that the National Maritime Union had assessed an annual "service charge" on retired members as a requirement for continued receipt of their pensions. "What services?" one must ask. The cost of pensions for retired NMU members, including all administrative expenses, is borne entirely by employers. Despite the vociferous complaints of dissident union members, the NLRB has held that such a charge is not an unfair labor practice, and the Department of Labor has opined that it does not violate existing statutes.

In 1966, the Senate Committee on Government Operations disclosed that George Barasch, an official of the Teamsters Union and other locals, had capitalized on apathetic union membership, unalert management co-trustees, and timely amendments to the trust deeds (dictated by himself) to transfer almost $5 million from welfare funds to four membership corporations consisting of Barasch and selected friends and relatives.

Also in 1966, the same Senate committee described the capers of Jack McCarthy, formerly a union official and now secretary-treasurer of a labor relations consulting firm. McCarthy had set up dental and optical services purportedly for union members, the money coming from welfare funds. The hitch was that, instead of supplying dentistry and eyeglasses, McCarthy's services remitted the money to McCarthy, two doctors and five bookies (see "The Thumb in Labor's Soup," *The Nation,* January 22). In a softer moment, McCarthy lent welfare funds to a firm in which he was a partner, and used the funds to buy a building for his mother.

Hastily responding to the obvious need for some kind of action, Senators Javits, McClellan and Yarborough and Congressman Perkins have introduced several bills that would subject the administration of private welfare and pension funds to federal regulation by:

(*1*) Converting all such funds, whatever the form in which they were established, into trusts.

(*2*) Limiting the use of fund assets to benefit payments and reasonable administrative expenses.

(*3*) Decreeing that all persons who exercise any authority over fund assets are fiduciaries, and holding them to the standard of that favorite legal personality, the ordinarily prudent man.

(*4*) Prohibiting funds and fiduciaries from self-dealing.

(*5*) Making fiduciaries civilly liable for losses occurring through their failure to measure up to the required standard, and criminally liable for willful breaches.

(*6*) Appointing the federal courts as surrogates to super-

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vise the administration of private welfare and pension funds.

Though commendable in purpose, these measures are unwise. They set up a prudent-man standard and open the federal courts to proceedings to enforce that standard. Yet the President's Committee on Corporate Pension Funds and Other Private Retirement and Welfare Programs "doubts whether a major problem is the lack of appropriate standards of prudence." These have long been established in law and in custom. The problem is rather one of securing their vigorous and certain enforcement. To place this burden on federal shoulders is not necessarily to solve it. A federal judge possesses no magical powers unknown to his brother on the state bench.

Federal courts have traditionally declined to act as surrogates and, in view of their already jammed calendars, are not likely to crow with delight at the prospect of riding herd on the administration of the nation's welfare and pension funds. Nor have the states defaulted on their duty to put an end to the abuses that have come to light. Despite the rulings of the NLRB and the Department of Labor, the New York State Insurance and Banking Department on March 1 persuaded the NMU to stop collecting the "service charge." The supreme court in New York County has sustained a challenge by dissident NMU members to the legality of the "service charge." And the New York State Insurance Department had started proceedings to recover the funds that were diverted by Jack McCarthy before the McCellan committee's investigation got under way.

All of which is not to say that Congress should do nothing. On the contrary, there is much for it to do in place of the trite and irrelevant measures at present pending before it. A single step would go far toward resolving the problems of conversion of fund assets—Congress should limit the choice of fund administrators to banks and insurance companies, already strictly regulated by law.

More fundamentally, Congress should take advantage of the enormous social possibilities asleep in the assets of private welfare and pension funds by passing legislation designed to foster community conscience in those responsible for the creation and management of the funds. Rich men without convictions are a menace, and the private welfare and pension funds are nothing if not rich. This stupendous wealth belongs, of course, to the millions of employees who must receive benefits out of it. But Congress can safeguard employees' interests while causing the wealth to be invested in ways that benefit society. Imagine what would happen if 50 per cent of the funds' assets were to be invested in job training for the hard-core unemployed, or in slum clearance or in urban renewal. About $50 billion could be available at once, and $110 billion by 1981. The means to bring this about are not unknown to Congress. The Housing Act of 1968, now under debate, provides for "federally guaranteed cash flow debentures" to encourage investment in new towns. Similarly, Congress might guarantee principal and a limited return on any investment by a welfare or pension fund in a socially desirable enterprise (such as job training, slum clearance, etc.), and deny tax benefits to any fund which did not invest, say, 50 per cent of its assets in such enterprises. The cost to government would be negligible, any outlays pursuant to the guarantee probably being balanced by increased tax collections from noncomplying funds. Capital in staggering amounts would be released for investment in domestic reconstruction: capital in amounts that simply cannot otherwise be found—without, that is, tyrannical taxation or instant withdrawal from Vietnam.

With such an opportunity before it, Congressional imagination labors and brings forth the idea of turning federal judges into surrogates.

LETTERS *(Continued from page 650)*

believe that Lukacs encourages taking liberties with epochal and *institutionally historical* "facts" such as Dr. Aptheker finds confirmed in Nat Turner's experience. Lukacs encourages nothing of the kind; he brands as subjectivism efforts to deform or deny the typical patternings of relationships in an epoch.

Thus some researched facts may be incidental or untypical and, therefore, may actually interfere with the imaginative writer's task and achievement. Still other facts, due to their larger representativeness, may be vital to recreating a historical moment; and where facts of this order are not known, or are inappropriate to the deeply historical imagination, they should be invented. But are the recorded facts of Turner's source of education, his family relationships, or the absence of blacks fighting his forces, incidental? Or untypical? Unfortunately, Lukacs offers Styron no comfort when it comes to a distortive "imagination" of "facts" of this order. *Lee Baxandall*

juxtaposition

Forest Hills, N.Y.

DEAR SIRS: At one point Grant McConnell ["New Politics of Conviction," *The Nation,* Apr. 8] writes: "If, for example, you are a black man and concerned with human dignity, the time may come when you are prepared to kill or be killed. Or if you are white and determined to protect the purity of your women from the vilest of threats, you may do the same."

In this unfortunate juxtaposition, McConnell tends to equate the legitimate aspiration of the black man for human dignity with the false, inflammatory battle cry of the arrant racists, lending as much credibility to the latter as to the former. It may be that McConnell meant the phrase about "vilest of threats" to refer only to a belief on the part of some people to that effect, but this objective statement, following an objective, contrasting statement, does not convey that meaning. *James H. Durkin*

not so in Greece

East Lansing, Mich.

DEAR SIRS: Recent political and social developments in Czechoslovakia have been viewed with hope and renewed expectation by people in the Unitd States. In contrast, it is lamentable that a year has gone by since a ruthless military dictatorship was established in Greece . . . . This suppression of personal and collective freedoms has created widespread discontent among the Greek people, and reports of armed resistance have already appeared in the Western press. We therefore feel that the free world must act now if a new Vietnam, this time in Europe, is to be avoided. *John P. Henderson, Professor of Economics*
Michigan State University

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Church, State, and Money for Schools

WALLACE I. ROBERTS
Mr. Roberts is a reporter on the Providence Journal-Bulletin.

The last few months in Rhode Island education have been among the most lively since Roger Williams, after escaping officials with intolerant theological views in the Massachusetts Bay Colony, began his experiment in the complete separation of church and state. Soaring and often wasted educational budgets and the rising proportion of state revenues going to aid for local schools have produced in Rhode Island and five other states carefully coordinated campaigns to demand that public tax money be used to subsidize private and parochial schools. In Rhode Island and Michigan the fight is dead for the present, but the issue almost certainly will be resurrected next year. In Pennsylvania and Louisiana, the debate is now in progress, and in Ohio and New Hampshire, the groundwork is being laid for campaigns in the next few months.

The issue is hard cash, not bus rides, lunches, textbooks or some equally equivocal service which in the past has enabled supporters to skirt the church-state issue on the ground that the aid was legal for safety reasons or that it was aid which directly benefited the child, not the institution. The organization that has planned the six-state thrust is Citizens for Educational Freedom, a national organization with headquarters in Washington, where in the past it has lobbied against federal aid to education unless it contained, as did the Elementary and Secondary Education Act of 1965, provisions offering financial help to students in nonpublic schools.

CEF, claiming 250,000 members in all fifty states, contends that it is a nonpartisan, nonsectarian and nonprofit group of parents; but, if only because 91 per cent of the children in nonpublic schools attend Catholic parochial schools, the nonsectarian disclaimer is academic and has given rise to observations, by the Episcopal bishop of Rhode Island. among others, that the organization is a front for the Catholic Church.

Such statements injected a bit of anti-papist heat into the debates on CEF-sponsored legislation in Rhode Island and Michigan, where the states would be required to give parents of children in private and parochial schools money that could be spent only to pay tuitions. Legislators in both states have found the issue too hot to handle and have quietly buried the bills in committees. They also found the proposals expensive; the Rhode Island bill, which would have helped 47,000 children, had a first year cost estimate of $6 million, and the Michigan bill would have cost an estimated $25 million.

Although shelved in two states, CEF has a chance to get substantial aid from the Pennsylvania legislature because the CEF state chapter has become a potent force in local politics. The particular forms given the CEF bills in Rhode Island and Pennsylvania indicate that although the drive is national, it is geared to local situations. The Rhode Island CEF bill, unlike the one in Michigan and those planned for Ohio and Louisiana, has no specific dollars-per-child limit. It is geared to the state's progressive, open-ended formula for public school aid. As the amount of money spent by the state for each child gradually increases with local school expenditures, the tuition aid would also rise and would always equal about half of the state per-pupil support.

The Pennsylvania bill, on the other hand, is not even a tuition aid proposal, but would set up a special state authority to provide an estimated $25 million to "purchase services" for nonpublic schools, such as paying for instruction in secular subjects taught by state-certified teachers. The reason for this approach is that the authority device was upheld by local courts when it was used by a public school district to finance school construction.

All the CEF campaigns have been or promise to be highly organized, well financed from local sources, and unabashedly blunt in their politics. The state chapters use letter-writing campaigns and establish speaker services to drum up support. The Ohio drive is also planning to use the one successful tactic that emerged from CEF's failure last year to have the Blaine amendment prohibiting aid to nonpublic schools omitted from the New York State constitution. The Ohio CEF units plan in September to question all the candidates for November election to the legislature on their positions as to tuition aid bills. A similar poll of the candidates for the New York Constitutional Convention produced endorsement of the repeal from 75 per cent of the candidates.

Aside from the politics, the controversies over the CEF-sponsored legislation have raised some irrelevant non-issues and ignored some real problems facing both public and nonpublic education. For instance, the child-benefit theory which CEF uses to avoid the constitutional separation of church and state, is a legal fiction. The aid is going to the schools; the parents are only a funnel, and even CEF has acknowledged this in the preamble to the Rhode Island bill, which contains a long section describing the financial crisis of the state's private and public schools. CEF also argues that the church-state issue is not a constitutional problem but a "political" one, and that appears reasonable, except that it would seem to call for changing the Constitution by legitimate political processes rather than by subverting it.

Even more important, however, is that proponents of the bill maintain that private and parochial schools will be forced out of business if the bills are not passed, thus dumping hundreds of thousands of children into the already overburdened public school systems. Opponents contend that if the aid is given, it will mean the further deterioration of the public schools because people will pull their children out to send them with the state's help to parochial and private schools.

It would appear that the opponents of tuition aid have the better case. Part of the reason for the poor quality of public education in today's cities is that the Catholic parochial schools have drawn off a considerable number of

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average and above-average white students, leaving behind, with the Negroes, the retarded, the emotionally disturbed, and those with discipline problems for the public schools to educate. The figures are not insignificant; one-third of the students in Philadelphia and Providence attend Catholic parochial schools. In view of the vast problems of urban education and the fact that some of its products are burning down the cities which failed to educate them, it would seem that, before the states think of easing the burden of white middle-class parents whose children are already in nonpublic schools, or encouraging others to make the switch, they should first pay the bills for the enormous costs piled up by their past failures.

The American public school system was a vital force in assimilating diverse groups of immigrants, and the Catholic parochial schools filled the vital need of defending the faith in the days when public schools were not only blatantly Protestant but in many cases openly hostile to Catholicism. But conditions have changed, and the institutions have not. The public schools have failed to bring the Negro into the middle class as they did the other groups, and Catholics no longer have to feel threatened by public education. Whether either system should be continued in its present form, especially in the cities, is a question that cannot be ignored and to which the obvious answer seems "no."

A LETTER TO THE CASTLE

HARRISENE SMALLS

The following letter was written to Dr. Leo Hamalian of the City College of New York by a young woman who is seeking, through his good offices, to find somewhere in the city's educational system an opportunity to train the mind she so obviously possesses. Following the letter there appears a note by Dr Hamalian.

Dear Dr. Hamalian:

Hello again, you wouldn't believe it but I've been penning this letter for weeks. I haven't any excuse but, for the most part, I've been dealing with my immediate problems at hand. My responsibility to my offspring and the daily struggle of life. And, yes, I've started a new job, a meat wrapper at a large store. Adding this job to many others. Forgive me, therefore, for keeping you waiting.

You asked me to write about myself and why I want to go to school. I'll try to squeeze twenty-six years into these few pages.

Why I Want To Go Back To School. Or should I say why I've got to go back to school.

I was born twenty-six years ago—February 10, 1941—in Morrisania Hospital, the Bronx, six minutes after my twin brother, called Harrison, Jr. I had to be named, what else, Harrisene. That was my beginning.

From what I'm told, my father and mother separated when I was 6 months old. I really don't know, I was too young. But, as we grew up my earliest memories were living on Prospect Avenue in the Bronx. I remember my mother raising my two older sisters and a set of twins. I do remember my father wasn't there. Mr. Welfare (ADC) was there: I remember that awful-tasting oatmeal, that was stamped, "Not to be Sold, Gov't Property, Welfare Recipients Only."

My mother, Catherine (Turner) Bailey was murdered soon after. At 26 years old her life was snuffed out. Perhaps it was best, I don't know, for they do say death is peace. I know she died for us, so that we might live but, after twenty years, I still miss her so.

We were taken to one of the children's shelters down by Central Park. There we were to stay, a place so cold and impersonal. I was 6½ then.

Not knowing this would begin many years of disappointment and frustration. But somehow children hold on to something when tragedy strikes. Something deep-seeded in your soul. That something was and still is, hope. My mother left us this something. All she had to leave us, hope, and this came from within herself. And giving of oneself is priceless.

When I was 11½, my father came into our lives again, trying to piece his broken life and family together. We had a stepmother, fourteen years his junior. Somehow in his mind I feel he thought a younger wife could endure raising four children, whose minds were already formed. We had seen practically all of the cruel and seedy side of life, but living with her just added to the misery.

She turned out not to be a true mother; she was an alcoholic and was bisexed and went through my father's hard-earned money, buying liquor and anyone's favors, men, women, even little boys and girls.

One night when my father couldn't endure any more, and knew we could no longer endure starvation or degradation, with all of our worldly possessions wrapped in a spread, we left Nyack, N. Y., and came to Corona, Long Island.

We lived in one room—with use of the bathroom and kitchen. There were four other rooms occupied. This building was formerly a house of ill repute. It was supposed to have been cleaned out; it never was.

I attended Junior High School 16 in Corona. I graduated to Flushing High School but, because of the zoning laws, I had to forget about Flushing and attend Newtown High School in Elmhurst.

This made me very unhappy because I had so wanted to attend Flushing; its curriculum was so much like the school I attended in Nyack. Even though our bellies were empty when we lived in Nyack, the school kind of brought life into our lives. I was now 14. So, with that I went to Newtown. My attitude and my outlook on school were dim, most of all because of the one room, the drunks, the junkies and the apathy. Even the fact that

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if we didn't work odd jobs—housework on weekends in other people's homes, baby sitting, hauling groceries at the A&P—we would never have had that nickel to go with our bus passes. Breakfast we didn't have and lunch was unheard.

I chose the right way, the hardest way, but in the long run I still had my self-respect. Thus, I worked. I continued school, continuing to survive. Trying to break out reaching up, hoping.

Thus, from the time I was a child I promised my unborn children that they would never hunger for the basic needs in life, which every parent owes their offspring—food, good shoes, books, knowledge and most of all understanding.

When I was 15 I met a boy of 20 years, his name was Robert. He lived down the block from our one room. Robert fed me and my family almost every day. His poor mother's food bill! She worked so hard in the garment district. Robert was attending Manhattan College then, contemplating dropping out. I use to say to him, "I wish I had a mother. I wish I could have gone to school." Knowing then somehow I wouldn't finish school.

I was grateful to Robert, perhaps he felt sorry for me, but anyway I became pregnant. I was 16. I didn't want to get married, so I went away. I worked in a laundry plant eight hours a day, six days a week at 80c an hour. This was 1957. I cleaned bungalows and rooms for my room and board. I saved every dime. I was sick; I had just gotten over a spinal operation, a scared kid. Rather than give up I continued to work. All I know is that I had to make it so my baby wouldn't be hungry. I worked until the summer was over, then when the resort closed, I returned home.

Robert still insisting on getting married. Thus, being ill, my spine still open, tired and very much afraid, I agreed. I had returned home September 5, we married September 8, 1957. Kimble Annette was born February 21, 1958; a year later Kendall Anthony was born, February 26, 1959.

Robert continued school. With a teen-age bride, a baby and another on the way, he finished a B-average student. I worked pregnancies. I was to have completed school after helping Robert finish, and go into nursing, but it didn't work out that way.

Robert received his B.S. degree in psychology and his commission in the U.S. Air Force. Nine years later he is making it a career. I left Robert almost five years ago. We obtained a legal separation. I won't go into our marriage difficulties; it's a part of my life I would want to leave in back of me.

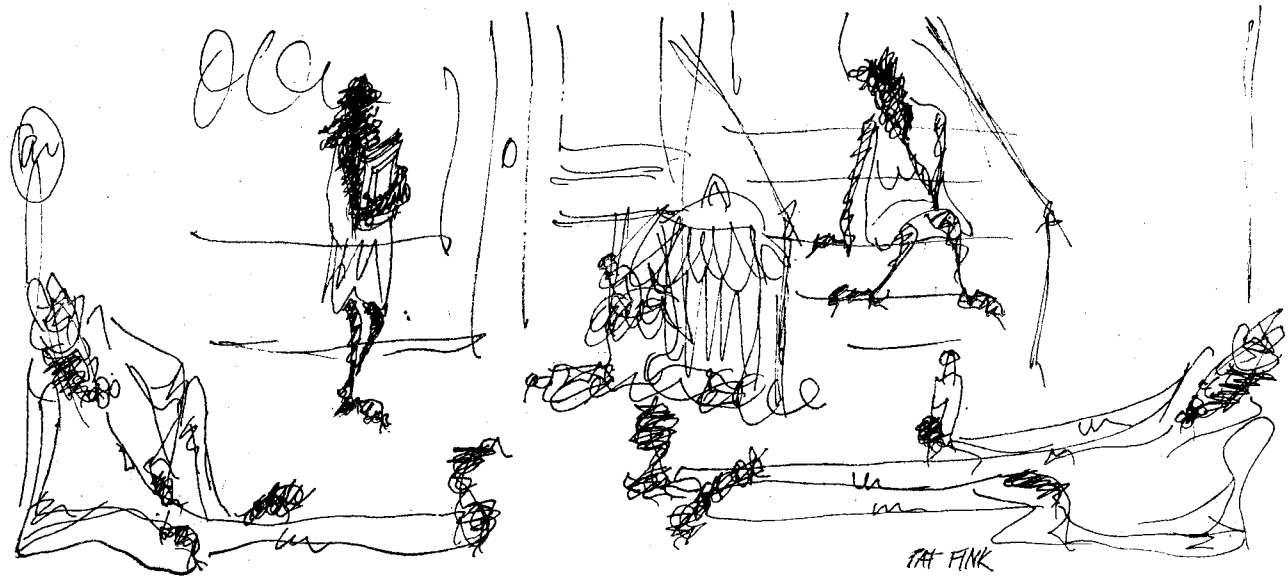
There I was 22 years old. Seven years of marriage; three children, ages 6 years to 18 months; ten years of schooling. Qualifications: experience in housekeeping, laundry clothes sorter, filing and baby sitting.

Baby sitters were hard to come by, so I had to stay home. I lived in a poverty-stricken area, paying $130 a month for three rooms. It was a dump. I wasn't quite well enough to go to work, with surgery on recent hernial repairs and separation in my stomach muscles, but soon after I found a sitter. Twenty-six dollars a week. I took that out of their support of $300 a month. With the rent, that took care of every cent. I worked as a maid in a motel, cleaning fifteen rooms a day and I worked nights in a real estate office canvassing on the telephone. I worked hard and saved and pinched, to move out of my poverty-stricken area.

The money I receive from their father is theirs. Let's call it the fruits of my labor. I didn't help their father through the hardest years of school to let my children live around apathy, welfare, eat pinto beans and that horrible oatmeal and live in the slums. To let them around dirt, junkies, would be giving them the same inheritance that I had. We owe our children something better.

How can a child think anything of himself if he grows up in a slum? Maybe, moving out of the slum is not the answer. I only know that my children see life different than I did. They do deserve better. I'm not paying the rent here, $150 a month. I couldn't afford it. I couldn't afford it if I wasn't getting this support and I still can't afford it now.

It's funny the Germans, Irish and the Jewish and Italians were in the slums. And somehow my people are still there.



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Maybe, because it's easier to *accept,* than to continue to suffer and work hard like my family did and many more of my people to break out of the slums. Obtaining their goals by sacrifice and the sweat of their brows. And still keep their pride.

I've gone to Manpower to ask to be trained and helped to go to school. But one of the stiffest qualifications is to live in a poverty-stricken area. This is what you hear: "I'm sorry Mrs. Smalls, you can take the test, but, there's so little money around, and there's many immediate cases and after all you are getting $300 a month." $3,600 a year for a family of four, are they kidding?

Then on to operation Seek. "This is beautiful" I said. Hope again! My son's teacher told me about it, but again another closed door: Requirements high school equivalency and most of all you must live in a poverty-stricken area.

I've had nine jobs in the last four years. Struggling to produce three positive thinking individuals, who will become productive citizens and a credit to their country and their world. Not just to exist and become burdens on any society. But I need help. The Seek program could help me.

Dr. Hamalian, I've just resigned from Creedmore State Hospital, a mental institution. My position there was Grade 6, psychiatric attendant. I worked five days a week. Every weekend, no holidays. I was on the Medical Surgical Ward. Short of help always. Double workload. All aging and incontinent patients. Feedings, dressings, mopping floors with GI mops, lifting poor helpless people. Emptying garbage. Seven months of this slave labor and I cleared $68 a week. Paid a sitter $20 a week, sometimes $25. Physically I'm in no condition, but, most of all cooking, always catching up with housework, the children's studies going down. I had to resign; someone has to be here.

Their father is in Vietnam. He'll be stationed in the Far East for three years. He never had much interest in them anyway. Thus, it is up to me, I am their tree, they are my branches. I must not fall or fail them.

These are some of the reasons why I've got to go back to school; in paving a future for myself it will be for them. I'm scared, not just afraid. I must be qualified. I must get a degree, in order to survive; otherwise I might just as well throw in the towel. Ten years from now I'll be 36. Have a daughter of 20, a son of 19 and a daughter of 15. I'll have so much to give them and to other children.

I'd like to be a teacher in any poverty-stricken area to help children and teach them and most of all give them hope.

If one only could obtain wisdom sooner, rather than take a lifetime. I know what I have to do, I need help, "no man is an island unto himself." If I could just get my toe in the door then I feel confident that I will make it.

I'm working part-time now, to make ends meet and keeping in mind, body and my soul that there is hope. Well, Dr. Hamalian, I've tried to squeeze twenty years into many pages. It wasn't all bleak, it wasn't all dark, life isn't so bad, if you remember to stop and look into the little children's smiling faces.

It could get worse, life I'm referring to, and it has been.

There was no room to take the equivalency test; I'm studying very hard. I haven't fallen asleep over school books in eleven years and it's a good sleep. I'm going to make a good mark on my test in March; when I get the results I'll send them to you.

If you can help me in any way to give me this chance to get back into school I can promise I will not disappoint you: I find that I can't afford the luxury to put my books down.

I'll close now. God bless you and your family.

I remain
Sincerely,
/s/ Harrisene Smalls

One night about two months ago, Harrisene Smalls, high school dropout, amateur actress, mother and main support of three children, started out from her home in Queens Village to seek advice from me about the possibility of attending The City College either as a non-matriculant or as a Pre-Bacc student (see Leonard Kriegel's "Headstart for College," *The Nation,* February 26). On her way to the college she was attacked in St. Nicholas Park by a knife-wielding hood. She now thinks that she may have saved herself from rape by refusing to "freeze up." Instead, she knocked her attacker off balance with a swift blow and fled for the safety of the college library up on Washington Heights.

When she had recovered her composure, she started out for my office. She was accosted a second time by the same assailant and once more managed to escape him ("Hard work keeps this mother in shape"). She reached my office only to find that through a misunderstanding we had missed connections. Had Harrisene Smalls decided at that moment that not even a degree from City College was worth repeating the experience she had just endured, no one could have blamed her.

But Harrisene Smalls is tough and she called to arrange another appointment. We met this time, and as I questioned her about her educational background, she told her story, calmly, even cheerfully. I asked her to put it down on paper so that I could pass it on to the proper authority for evaluation. I hardly expected her to do so and after I had read the account, I knew I would have to bring it to the attention of other readers as well.

Harrisene Smalls is not asking for much: merely the opportunity to give dignity and purpose to her life. In this land where people who wish to attend school are given a second, third, and sometimes fourth crack at college, she is requesting a first real chance to educate

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herself up to her intellectual capacity. If she has the intelligence and motive to absorb higher education, then this request is neither idle nor arrogant.

Perhaps we have to establish immediately a unit in the City University or State University where there are *no prerequisites of any kind,* where adults long on intelligence but short on information will be afforded an opportunity to apply that intelligence arduously. That a Harrisene Smalls is 26 years old means only that her powers of perception have been heightened by her suffering, her appreciations broadened by experience, **and that** they both are likely to be further sharpened by the discipline and direction of a rigorous education which she is now ready to accept with joy. LEO HAMALIAN

HARRY GOLDEN

POOR whites in the rural area of North Carolina refuse to participate in any of the welfare programs. They deprive themselves of this much needed aid because the programs are integrated. As a result, the preponderance of welfare recipients are black, and the whites sullenly refer to "the nigger poverty program" and stay clear.

Since the Reconstruction, the black man in North Carolina has been the only poor man. White men chopped and tied tobacco for 25c a day, their children working away in the hot fields with them, but these white peons never believed they were poor in the way that Negroes were poor. White men had hope. The hope never led them any place, but still they believed it distinguished them from the black man. In rural areas poor white men did enjoy a certain social equality with the big plantation owners and the rich farmers. To apply now for aid from an integrated federal agency would forever erase that equality.

Almost seventy years ago, the hatred of Captain Dreyfus opened the doors of the aristocrats to the bourgeoisie. A butcher was more than a butcher, he was an anti-Dreyfusard just like the bank president. In Craven County, N.C., a man can say, "I ain't no 50c an hour cotton chopper, I'm a segregationist."

Reporter James K. Batten of the *Charlotte Observer* has just completed a survey of the poverty program in his state. North Carolina has more poor than any other state, 234,000 families, and 66 per cent of these families are white, according to the 1960 census. Yet only a tiny fraction join any poverty program. Negroes are quick to take advantage of whatever help they can get. But as the white segregationist will remark, "Niggers ain't got a hell of a lot of pride to swallow."

In Craven County, there are 5,132 poor families —families who live in tar-paper shacks, who are functionally or wholly illiterate. Of these families, 2,722 are white and 2,360 are Negro. James Godwin, the director of Craven's Operation Progress, believes the whites simply refuse to acknowledge their plight. "Yet some of them are so darn poor," he says, "it is pathetic." How to reach them baffles Godwin as it baffled his predecessor.

Compounding the problem are the local booster clubs who never tire of singing the praises of these poverty-ridden cities. The establishment is quickly annoyed when a poverty agency moves into a city or town—it spoils the

magnolia illusion. They disparage the efforts of the social workers and their hostile influence in many matters is decisive.

Reporter Batten did find some whites who participated. One of them, a 58-year-old mother, told him her daughter was a member of the Neighborhood Youth Corps. The girl earned $12.50 a week doing odd jobs at the nearby Farm Life High School. The money enabled her to stay in high school. (A high school diploma is the only ticket out of dreary Craven County.) When Batten asked the mother what the neighbors thought, she said, "They hain't throwed off on me. I've always treated colored people right, but I've always been taught to go with my color. But if you're poor you can't help it."

These poor whites are victimizing themselves because federal money is dispersed only through integrated agencies and they will not queue up with Negroes. But the Negro is making progress, more than he ever made before, and this confuses and enrages the whites. Into this vacuum steps the Ku Klux Klan. Probably North Carolina has the most active Klan in the United States. It no longer wears nightshirts and hoods but sun-tan khaki and helmet liners. It marches through these rural towns every Sunday. James Robert Jones, the Grand Dragon of North Carolina, warms up his meetings with the question: "The Jews got the B'nai B'rith; the Catholics got the Knights of Columbus, the niggers got the NAACP; what in hell has the poor white man got but the Ku Klux Klan?"

Social progress doesn't always banish problems. I remember a taxi driver in Charlotte condemning Roosevelt intemperately. When I asked him why he was so mad at FDR, he told me he had just had a colored preacher in his cab. "He paid me with a $5 bill," the driver said. "Now when did you ever see a nigger with a $5 bill before Roosevelt?"

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Philby: Virtuoso Lying and Spying

MY SILENT WAR. *By Kim Philby. Grove Press. 262 pp. $5.95.*

ALEXANDER WERTH

Not being addicted to detective stories and spy thrillers, I could not work up any inordinate interest in the story of Kim Philby ("the best spy the Russians ever had," according to CIA Chief Allen Dulles); but even if I were such an addict, I am not sure that I'd be wildly excited by this story as "told by himself." For the answer to the *really* important question is just not there. What actually *did* Philby do for the Russians between 1933, when he became a Soviet agent, and 1963, when he realized that the game was up, and slipped over the border into Russia? Philby tells us what is already known—that he engineered the escape to Moscow of Burgess and Maclean when they were on the point of being arrested; but whether they were of any further use to the Russians *after* that is more than doubtful. After the Burgess-Maclean defection, Philby became suspect. Bedell Smith told the British that he would not have him back in Washington; the British Intelligence people questioned him for hours, took away his passport, and continued to treat him as a dubious character for years. But nothing could definitely be proved against him and, in the end, Harold Macmillan had to admit in the House of Commons that "there was no evidence that he had betrayed the interests of the country." After that he worked in the Middle East as *Observer* and *Economist* correspondent and continued to work as a British Intelligence (SIS) agent—though, apparently, in only some minor capacity. As he here admits, his real job was to collect information for the Russians.

Since 1933 when, at the age of 21 and while still at Cambridge, he became a Soviet agent, the nature of his work required him to be a liar of extraordinary skill and virtuosity (without this skill, he would never have got away with the Burgess-Maclean affair). Since this lying had become second nature with him, it is almost impossible to say what in this book is true or untrue. Moreover, it was written in Moscow, and was checked out by the Russians; the last thing to expect from it is any kind of revelation of the workings of the Soviet Intelligence Services. One of the few things he admits is that his first trip to Franco Spain during the Spanish Civil War was on the Russians' behalf; the second time, he went as the London *Times* correspondent. This, and expeditions to Nazi Germany, when he masqueraded as a British pro-Nazi, helped him to win the confidence of the British Secret Services, and made him particularly eligible, once the war was over, for heading various British and joint Anglo-American anti-Soviet and anti-Communist Intelligence operations.

What he did for the Russians before the war during his hobnobbing with General Franco and the Nazis is not quite clear; neither did his work in various Intelligence agencies during the war seem to have much connection with the Russians. He was chiefly concerned with Spain, Portugal and North Africa. In retrospect he explains, however, that:

> My connection with the Secret Intelligence Service must be seen against my prior total commitment to the Soviet Union which I regarded then, as I do now, the inner fortress of the world movement.

He also explains why Stalinism, even at its worst, did not deter him; there was much he did not like about Stalinism but, on balance, it was still better than anything else:

> And [today] it is a sobering thought that, but for the power of the Soviet Union . . . the Old World, if not the whole world, would now be ruled by Hitler and Hirohito.

He seems to have been unenthusiastic about the war against Germany before the Russians entered it:

> It often appeared that the British wanted a simple return to the *status quo* before Hitler, to a Europe comfortably dominated by Britain and France through the medium of reactionary governments just strong enough to keep their own people in order and uphold the *cordon sanitaire* against the Soviet Union.

Hence the failure of the SOE, the Secret Operations Executive, to stir up any revolutionary uprisings against the Nazi occupation; the real Resistance movements did not get going until the Russians infused some life into them. In the minds of the European masses, according to Philby, British Intelligence was too closely associated with the same type of men who had betrayed Ethiopia, Spain and Czechoslovakia. That "all these people" had no idea of Russia is illustrated in Philby's story by prophesies among British Intelligence chiefs that the Russians would be defeated in 1941 in "three weeks, or three months at most."

Philby became particularly useful to the Russians in 1945 when he was appointed head of a new SIS section "in charge of anti-Communist and anti-Soviet counter-intelligence," and especially in 1949 when he was at last allowed to enter "the Lion's Den" as SIS representative in Washington—as "the top British secret service officer working in liaison with the CIA and the FBI." He speaks with supreme irony of the comic-opera attempts to set up a "democratic" government in Albania, and of the rivalry between the British and Americans in trying to infiltrate their agents into potentially disloyal parts of the Soviet Union, such as Georgia and the Ukraine. None of these attempts produced the slightest results. The old Menshevik leader, Jordania, was proven to have had as little following in Georgia as the Ukrainian Nazi, Stepan Bandera, was shown to have had in the Ukraine. In 1956, Bandera (a great favorite of the British) was mysteriously assassinated in Munich; Philby suggests that the CIA killed him off—presumably to annoy his British patrons. Could not, in reality, Soviet agents have done it, too?

There is also, in Philby's story, a comic passage on the NTS, the Munich-based *émigré* organization which was at first subsidized by the British; but whether because these had no money or, more probably, because the NTS proved completely useless, the Americans, with money to burn, took it over. They keep spending several millions of dollars a year on it still. There is little to show, however, that any of the money goes much beyond Munich, except for the unfortunate Gerald Brooks, who is still in a Soviet jail for having agreed to smuggle some leaflets into Russia, provided the NTS paid his hotel bills!

To American readers, the chapters on Washington will be of particular interest. Philby seems to have, professionally, a considerable respect for Bedell Smith, then head of the CIA who was, apparently, the first to have smelled a rat in the case of Philby himself. On the other hand, J. Edgar Hoover is to him a constant object of professional contempt and personal ridicule, "a prima donna." Maybe the FBI is all right for checking

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crime in the United States, but "its counter-espionage is conspicuous for failure. . . ." Philby writes:

> Hoover did not catch Maclean or Burgess; he did not catch Fuchs, and he would not have caught the rest if the British had not caught Fuchs and worked brilliantly on his tangled emotions; he did not catch Lonsdale; he did not catch Abel for years . . . . He did not even catch me. If there was a bubble reputation, it is Hoover's.

Altogether, Hoover's blanket methods and ruthless authoritarianism are "the wrong weapons for the subtle world of intelligence." But, according to Philby, Hoover has a superb filing system:

> The overt record shows that a distressing number of Congressmen have pasts that do not bear minute scrutiny. As for the covert record held by Hoover, the mere existence of the huge FBI filing system has deterred many from attacking Hoover's totalitarian empire.

What a pity Philby should tell us only about the secret services in America and England, and nothing—strictly nothing—about the NKVD and the Soviet Secret Services for whom he devoted the thirty best years of his life, and with whose machinery he may be even more familiar than he is with Mr. Hoover's card indexes!

Why did Philby, a member of the British ruling class, become a Soviet spy? Two dates stick out: 1933, when he enlisted as a spy, was also the year Hitler set up his dictatorship in Germany; and 1949, when Philby reached the top of the espionage ladder, was the peak year of the cold war. Philby was never rich. He seems, indeed, to have done it all out of conviction, not for money. However, the impression this book leaves is that greater even than Philby's devotion to communism was his hatred of the Baldwins and Chamberlains before the war, and of the Trumans and Bevins after the war. And all the SOE and MI-5 and MI-6 characters he describes are made to look a pretty phony lot. Though not well written, the book still has some amusing satirical touches. Philby's story tells us much about other people, but unfortunately too little about himself.

Strachey Diffused and Blurred

LYTTON STRACHEY: Vol. I, The Unknown Years (1880-1910). *475 pp.* Vol. II, The Years of Achievement (1910-1932). *754 pp. By Michael Holroyd. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $21.95 the set.*

CALVIN BEDIENT
Mr. Bedient teaches literature at Emory University, Atlanta, Ga.

Lytton Strachey, rejecting the "two fat volumes" of biographical tradition, wrote thin and now famous biographies of Queen Victoria and other "eminent" Victorians; and thinness, it might be said, was his destiny. He struck all who met him as preternaturally long and narrow, like a caricature encountered in an illustrated Dickens. There was insufficient room in his torso (so a doctor informed him) for his "lungs, liver and lights"; and, collapsing frequently, he dragged his long length about England and Europe, searching for health. Moreover, "his atmosphere," said a certain sexual rival, "is as thin as his body—he is merely learned and scholarly but fundamentally empty. . . ." Thin and empty he was, in relation to women; but in men, especially those of a heroic cast, he sometimes found, for an hour or a week, a release and an expansion: "To be able," he once said longingly, "to melt into a body literally twice as big as one's own."

Even as a lover Strachey was forced to subsist on the thin fare of hope and disappointment. He loved a Cambridge undergraduate named Duckworth: Duckworth, however, fell in love with Maynard Keynes. Strachey then fell in love with Duncan Grant; but Duncan Grant soon fell in love with—Duckworth. Then, just as it seemed that Duncan might come round to Strachey again, Duncan fell in love with—Maynard Keynes. And so it went, Strachey almost always on the side lines, looking on, like an amorous mantis, at loves and lives fuller than his own.

Yet, in spite of all of this, there was strength and buoyancy in Strachey—courage, integrity, wit, a campy lightheartedness. To give his thinness style, he affected a sombrero and cape, and wore golden earrings. He was given to startling bursts of shrill laughter. We have a glimpse of him tottering about in Lady Ottoline Morrell's high-heeled shoes—"with feet," she said, "looking so absurdly small . . . both of us . . . getting more fantastic and gay." And there was steel beneath the silliness. During World War I, Strachey was a conscientious objector: "I am convinced," he said, "that the whole system by which it is sought to settle international disputes by force is profoundly evil. . . ." "Then tell me, Mr. Strachey," demanded a military officer during certain formal proceedings, "what would you do if you saw a German soldier attempting to rape your sister?" "I should try," Strachey answered with wicked ambiguity, "and interpose my own body." Atheistic, diseased, loveless as he was, he avoided the profundities of pessimism, preferring the shallower water of a witty skeptic. As a result, he made himself a burden to no one. Not even death could intimidate him. "If this is dying," he announced from his deathbed, "then I don't think much of it."

It was fame that he lived for, and at length he won it, with *Eminent Victorians*—first published in 1918, when Strachey was 38. Then followed *Queen Victoria* (in 1921) and several lesser achievements. Strachey, as is well known, transformed biography, giving it a "becoming brevity," dramatic unity and gusto, and the force and freedom of a "cynical point of view." Turning his skepticism against the Victorians, ". . . he struck the note of ridicule," Cyril Connolly said, "which the whole war-weary generation wanted to hear. . . ." Yet it was not long before his reputation fell under a shadow—his methods were "questionable," he caricatured, he set an example (though this his detractors could scarcely admit) too brilliant to follow. But now it would seem that the shadow is passing; and here, as if to celebrate the new day, is a 1200-page biography of the great biographer himself.

Michael Holroyd's *Lytton Strachey*, however, is only another cloud. As a biography, it is soggy with detail, heavy with observation, pallid and unshapely; and as an assessment of Strachey's art, it is indefinite and noncommittal.

Needless to say, Holroyd does not preserve a becoming brevity; yet what makes his book so tiresome is not simply its length but its prose and an unseemly eagerness to pass judgment. Time and again one is brought to a halt by the sheer awfulness of the writing: "Now, buried alive in the towering edifice of Lancaster Gate, a vague and universal feeling of unhappiness preserved him dimly, like a dried-up flower on a pad of blotting paper"—this from a writer who condescends to Strachey's prose. Everything is said at maximum length and with maximum limpness. As for Holroyd's eagerness to judge, let Strachey show an opinion of Bertrand Russell or Blake or George Moore or Prince Albert and immediately Holroyd steps in to tell us exactly where Strachey was wrong and just what we should think about these figures. And meanwhile Strachey himself can hardly be said to come into focus; he is, as it were, diffused like a blur through Holroyd's book.

Even with what he thinks of as the help of his "hitherto . . . unknown portrait," Holroyd manages to be obtuse about Strachey's work. He speaks, for

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instance, of "Lytton's inability to convey pathos"; but unlike Holroyd's own biography, Strachey's books often grip and give a twist to the heart.

And, beyond these matters, is *Eminent Victorians* properly described as a "prolonged onslaught upon . . . evangelicalism"? Where it has any real uniformity, it is, rather, an exposure of the alloy of egoism in religious or altruistic lives. Nor is anyone likely to rest content with Holroyd's faint conclusion that *Eminent Victorians* occupies some undefined "anomalous position in modern literature." Let us ignore, for the moment, the vague vastnesses of "modern literature"; let us judge Strachey simply as a biographer. In that category he is something better than anomalous; he is triumphant—and in his portraits of Cardinal Manning, Florence Nightingale and Queen Victoria, he is even more, he is supreme. What a delight he is; and how he brings the dead alive again. True, he lacked detachment; he asserted his own peculiar sense of the facts. Yet despite all his minor falsifications, Strachey never misleads, for—the preface to *Eminent Victorians* aside—he never pretends to scientific detachment. What he always presents is obviously his own very plausible and illuminating view.

Holroyd's *Lytton Strachey* is biography of a different kind; for Holroyd may indeed lay claim to scientific detachment. But the result is a very lifeless portrait. Undoubtedly, his book purveys much valuable information—but gracelessly, without defined interest or point. It is not the biography that Lytton Strachey deserves.

Late Victorian Eroticism

FEASTING WITH PANTHERS: A New Consideration of Some Late Victorian Writers. *By Rupert Croft-Cooke. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 308 pp. $6.50.*

THEODORE ROSZAK

Mr. Roszak, an associate professor of history, is chairman of the History of Western Culture Program at California State College, Hayward. He edited and contributed to The Dissenting Academy *(Pantheon).*

Is there a point at which historical research laps over into unredeemed gossip? Or is the scholarly nose privileged to poke itself into anybody's business which happens to have gotten itself enmeshed in a surviving document or two? If Rupert Croft-Cooke's sexological survey of that sickly sweet generation of English aesthetes that runs from Swinburne to Wilde just barely avoids the charge of fortuitous scandal-mongering, it is only because the personalities with which he is dealing went to a deal of trouble to obtrude their bizarre style of eroticism upon the public consciousness, and often with an arrogance that hinted intimidatingly of superior sensibility. Perhaps then they deserve the good irreverent drubbing Croft-Cooke is out to give them. He is at pains to tell us that this "bevy of catamites . . . needs cutting down to size." But do the likes of J. A. Symonds or Walter Pater or Ernest Dowson any longer bulk that large? Even the current rage among the Bohemian hip for Aubrey Beardsley's sirupy cartooning is a tongue-in-cheek infatuation with the quaintly camp, and hardly a matter of deep and considered taste.

Yet does the muck that Croft-Cooke has so assiduously collected require so fine-toothed a raking? Once we know that poor Swinburne, like many another Victorian schoolboy, was cursed with *le vice Anglais*, do we really gain anything more by sorting through every last algolagnian fantasy he bestowed upon the whipping block at Eton? After we have learned that J. A. Symonds, like many another Victorian schoolmaster, was a pederast, do we need a thumbnail biography of each and every one of his obscure lovers (with photos where available)—and indeed of *their* lovers in turn? And how fair is it to treat anybody's sex life, whether straight or queer, in such unrelenting isolation from the rest of his existence—as Croft-Cooke insists upon doing? It is especially at this point that something like a question of professional discretion arises. Doubtless a biographer who meant to do a thorough job would have to let us know at some point that Lewis Carroll was (alas!) a dirty old man. But has Croft-Cooke any right to recall the man's habits simply to fill us in on who the little girls were and what Carroll did with them up in his photographic studio—only that and nothing more?

Indeed, at times Croft-Cooke betrays an almost suspicious passion for sifting the historical rubble heap down to its most trivial transgressors. Was it really necessary for anyone to drag poor Edward Cracroft Lefroy (who . . . ?) out of merciful and well-deserved obscurity (and to quote his sonnets yet!; surely the most god-awful verse ever written in our language) so that it might be documented that the old man was a homosexual?

In fields as well-plowed and as thickly

Photo by Marvin E. Newman

Chandler Brossard

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—BENJAMIN WELLES, *Saturday Review* $4.00

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documented as modern English (and American) history, the temptation to husband every last shred of evidence is bound to be strong. And Croft-Cooke is not alone in yielding to it. If there are reasons why we must violate historical privacies, surely the task can be done with some professional tact. I am willing to agree that there is some merit in Croft-Cooke's effort to show up the sheer giddiness that lay behind the voluptuary attitudinizing of his eminent Victorians; it is sadly instructive to see how passion can work to soften the best minds.

It ought to serve as a warning to all the literati of our own day who would amaze or transport by virtue of their erotic pretensions. What will it all look like fifty years hence, beneath some cold-blooded biographer's clinical gaze?

A Steady Note of Mockery

TUNC. *By Lawrence Durrell. E. P. Dutton & Co. 360 pp. $6.95.*

KENNETH REXROTH
Mr. Rexroth, a frequent Nation *contributor, is the author most recently of* The Heart's Garden/The Garden's Heart *(Pym-Randall Press).*

Lawrence Durrell has not received enough credit as the founder of a fashion, the revival among intellectuals of the plots and local color of Sax Rohmer and Talbot Mundy, the pseudo-Oriental romance.

There is a difference. Nobody imagines that Fu Manchu ever existed, or even that Robbe-Grillet's recent Hong Kong collapsible fantasy bore any relation to reality. The tales of *The Alexandria Quartet*, and *Tunc*, "the first volume of a double decker," as Durrell calls it, are supposed to be for real. Life is supposed to be like that in the mysterious East. Is it? Has Talbot Mundy come true?

Durrell's is a special, comic vision of the universe, a bitterly satirical one, too —which is not the same thing. All this leprous lechery and Levantine plotting and overcolored prose is a form of self-satire. The irony is consummate; no one, least of all the author, can ever be sure what is to be taken seriously and what not—a dangerous proceeding that sometimes no longer skirts the edges, but tumbles over into pure corn. Night scenes for instance seem to get the best of Durrell—he becomes careless and speaks of the young moon rising late (*sic*!, as they say) and "the river which mirrored the opal-studded floors of the dark heaven powdered by stardust" (sic 'em!, as they say).

Tunc pushes harder against the adult reader's "wilful suspension of disbelief" than even the most overrich parts of *The Alexandria Quartet.*

Justine, with her name from Sade and Swinburne, and her face from Beardsley, is a simple Gretchen beside this new crop of girls, ladies straight out of Klimpt and Scheele, with the manners and morals of the radioactive bikini-clothed heroines of spicy science fiction. Durrell's heroine may be a schizophrenic billionairess with twelve toes and weak with nameless diseases, but she can ride all a summer's day at falconry in the Turkish hills, or ride all a winter's day through deep snow in the English countryside, and then screw all night in a sleeping bag.

The best of the girls is the little Greek whore who becomes a great movie star. Durrell's description of her young days when she was just an innocent prostitute recalls Durrell's beautiful poem, "Theodora"—which certainly is convincingly real—as well as, quite deliberately, the Empress Theodora herself, her exothalmic face staring out of the moisaic at Ravenna, entranced like a woman in orgasm. Durrell echoes not only his poem of a Levantine tart and the Ravenna mosaic but the prose of Gibbon's story of the Empress, so ful of half-disguised erotic excitement. Later, Durrell's handling of her as a cinema star is synthetic, but she dies convincingly enough.

The plot (an inventor is trapped by an immense, mysterious corporation whose minions act much more like Kabul moneychangers than modern detergent-soaked executives) is worthy of an early Fritz Lang picture and would have been great for Peter Lorre, Conrad Veidt, Emil Jannings and Pola Negri.

What does it all mean? The innocent will take it seriously, at face value, human relationships out of Ouida by *Evergreen Review*, the artistic prose out of Edgar Saltus and Arthur Machen, the passages of deep thought out of Henry Miller. They will miss the steady note of mockery—of reader, characters and author. It is irony that distinguishes Durrell from Robbe-Grillet, who has none whatever. *Le Maison des Rendezvous* is trash; *Tunc* is comedy.

Who are these people really? Durrell in a final note points to hidden echoes of his first novel—*The Black Book.* They are the lumpen Bohemians of his London youth and the hungry tarts of prewar

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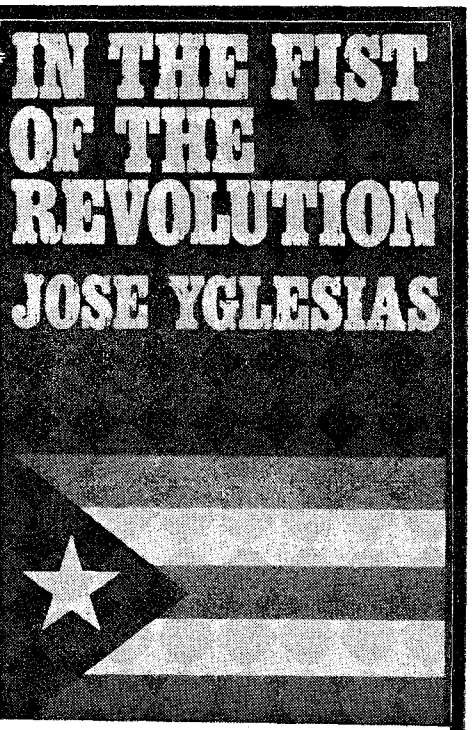

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Athens dressed in sables and diamonds and Bond Street tailoring in the age of affluence.

And, moreover, of course it *is* actually happening. Miller and Durrell are rich and candidates for the Nobel Prize, a tart or two have become movie stars, a few pawnbrokers are now bankers. Although high finance is not run as in *Tunc* even in the Levant, Madison Avenue is. The world is being Bohemianized. And furthermore—the precise world Durrell describes has come to life in Athens and Istanbul. It is called the CIA.

The Way To Get at Spain

THE SPANISH SCENE. *By Chandler Brossard. The Viking Press. 113 pp. $4.*

DANIEL TALBOT

Mr. Talbot, owner of the New Yorker Theatre, and producer of the film, Point of Order, *has spent considerable time in Spain. He has reviewed for a number of publications.*

Claude Levi-Strauss opens his book *Tristes Tropiques* with this line: "Travel and travellers are two things I loathe—and yet here I am, all set to tell the story of my expeditions." The compulsion ("and yet here I am") to describe a foreign culture can serve as a sentimental way of manufacturing affection for one's native country (as in Mark Twain) or, as in the case of Chandler Brossard's *The Spanish Scene,* it can be an apocalyptic mode of understanding one's disgust with America today. As such, *The Spanish Scene* is not so much a book about the Spanish scene as a gifted novelist's predicament in explaining why he is so bugged by life in his own country.

Spain is of course a tourist's dream. Its dramatic landscapes, benign weather, cheap prices, seductive populace, its *differentness* from all other Western societies while being a Western country—all these things will do as a magnet. The tragedy of this mass tourism is a cliché that makes Pop art out of truth, at the same time that it tends to turn Spaniards into Pop art. English, French, Germans, Americans, Swedes, by now Russians, are visiting by the millions, and what on earth is a poor Spaniard to make of all this? Consider the prospect of an Andalusian farmer watching a Bentley tearing toward Fuengirola, his eyes moving like tracking shots. Or a cultivated Madrileño with $40 to his name in a smartly tailored suit talking T.S. Eliot in the Café Gijón with an American professor who makes $15,000 a year. Or twenty Germans, with Zeisses slung around their chubby necks clicking away at cracked pastel plastered walls in Mojacar, while a kid walks his donkey home. It becomes apparent that perhaps it might be more interesting to make demonic interpretations of the tourist and forget the Spaniard who, by now, would seem to be not so much a Spaniard as a bewildered onlooker caught up in a new, bizarre interpersonal situation. One thinks of Ortega y Gasset's having endlessly nagged his countrymen to join modern Europe, and the irony of it is enough to make one weep. Since travel as a culturally expanding process has been virtually replaced by cold cash catting around we infer that it becomes at

SERENADE TO MY DERELICTS

Flaming pigeons
fall
through my bloodstream.
There is a dark night
inside me
and rain
scattering
like blackened seeds.
The pigeons
dive through
the weather,
seeking the shelter
of arches,
diameters
of doorways,
cramming
sudden passages
and congested corridors
of heart attack.
One falls,
his wings
sputter into darkness,
singeing the night
with a gathering
of ashes
in my throat.
Even if my tongue
is a burnt-out wick
there's light enough
from their flying.

But in the city
far below
someone is beating
on the doors,
shouting
with a muffled voice
to let him in,
and the pigeons
rise
like a combustion,
the red flames
of their feathers
fluttering shadows
through the tunnels
that are beating
with their flight
and the hidden dynamos
that pound
inside the walls.

Their only refuge
is my heart's
cathedral
with its carmine rugs,
and that is shaken
high above
by windy
organ pipes
and dynamos
so loud
the pigeons
only stay
a moment,
seeing the figure
beating on the altar
with his fists
before they circle
through
the city
once again,
avoiding rain
and darkness
with their fires.

They arrive
and depart:
pigeons
everywhere,
flaring through
the darkness
like a multitude
of torches
that flicker
through the city's
rusty streets,
disturbing
jellied nests
and mildew
and lost men
in pulled-down hats
who stammer
and lurch
against the rain.

MORTON MARCUS

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least tricky to understand or explain the authentic values and sentiments of such heavily touristed countries as Spain. We can now classify George Orwell's *Homage to Catalonia* and Gerald Brenan's *South From Granada* as 19th-century commentaries.

The merit of Brossard's book is not so much what he reveals about Spanish ferment in 1967 as in the way he gets at it. An American journalist in Spain in 1967 with any kind of sensibility can be like an escaped convict daydreaming of his past prison life. In this short work Brossard talks to people from all walks of life. Each dialogue becomes a short set piece revolving about one or two ideas, the essence of which is captured by some sharp statement or observation. These pieces are alternated with paragraph-long "shots" of street scenes. The effect is somewhat like a Godard scenario in which the documentary scene approaches poetry while the "made-up stuff" looks like newsreel footage.

The Spanish Scene reminds me of two French documentaries seen here a few years ago—Chris Marker's *Le Joli Mai* and Jean Rouch and Edgar Morin's *Chronicles of a Summer*. Marker's film tries to capture the Parisian scene in the lovely Parisian month of May, 1962. The Algerian War has just ended and life seems more promising. Marker interviews people from all walks of life, captures them with "their defenses down." Rouch and Morin (who are both ethnologists by profession) interview a group of people in the course of a summer. Their theme is: what does life mean to you right now: what is it you want out of life? etc. In both instances, political anthropology approaches poetry. Similarly, Brossard asks people from all walks of 1967 Spanish life what their Spanishness means to them at such a critical moment in world history. The responses vary, but the net result is the same: malaise over thirty-one years of Franco's rule (and who wouldn't be tired of one man for thirty-one years, even if he were a good guy?), pride in their culture, scorn for the tourist hordes, empathy for the youthful revolts the world over.

A businessman says to Brossard:

> It is possible to live better in Spain than anywhere else in Europe, better even than in America. Here it is possible to belong to oneself instead of to a system, as it is in England and America. Your power and prosperity are useless. You Americans and English are constantly checking in with the fantastic system that depersonalizes you. Not the Spaniard. He is truly a free man.

A government official tells the writer: "A Spaniard will give you everything he has, but not his identity. And that is what upsets foreigners the most." And a writer in Madrid indicates: "I am not alienated from my culture. I am my culture . . . . The Spaniard asks, Who am I? The American asks, Why am I me?" The prostitute deals with freedom in this way: "So here I am . . . . But now I get paid. And I do not have to scrub floors or listen to a man complaining all the time." It comes as a revelation that there are 30,000 Communist Party members in Madrid and ten times that all over the country. Priests and students are in revolt. Does the bourgeois then become more bourgeois? Flaubert was the first to say that when a merchant closes his shop at night his brain goes blank. An underground priest tells Brossard: "What is encouraging is that some of the middle class, among them business people, sympathize with this social revolution and even contribute money to it, secretly of course. The bourgeois wants a new life, a free and dynamic life."

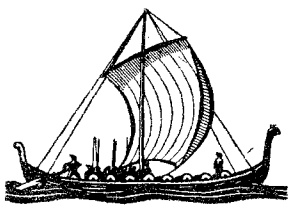
The linguistic problem implicit in this book stems from the modern vogue of revolutionary rhetoric, and a heartbreaking dilemma it is. As most men become politicized beyond the wildest expectations of George Orwell, the impulse to exegete the meaning of "freedom" becomes stronger. Structures indeed must change. How? A society reveals its ugliness by its acts. We speak, all over the world, of man having to alter his consciousness (and conscience), of the historical necessity of violence (by which we understand the ultimate reification of man). Mass media moves in on this new rhetoric. Ortega y Gasset's *"el señorito satisfecho"* grows his hair longer, frugs, and admits that his work has been a fraud. The fact that his rhetoric may be rational and humane is beside the point. We are in the final stage of sin, language *qua* language. *The Spanish Scene* moves around this problem by poeticizing discourse. In this way Brossard captures real people below the surface of language. We enter the province of the novelist. And, as in most instances, the artistic impulse is more reliable than the journalistic one.

Book Marks

SARA BLACKBURN

SUPERWORM. *By George Deaux. Simon & Schuster. 252 pp. $5.50.*

Maybe it's really not too late for a novel about a history professor who dyes his long underwear into a black uniform, adopts a racy side-kick, and sets out to, among other things, screw up the plumbing of a right-wing pizza factory. But *Superworm* is a superdrag because George Deaux is worried that his reader



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won't get the point; he keeps holding up little signs that say "outrageous!" or "humorously but touchingly futile." Mr. Deaux always has too much to say about too little, and the reader is often painfully aware that he's witnessing a waste of talent, as well as a hipsterism that's just a little out of date (why mention assigning Ginsberg and Burroughs to a history class unless you think it's way out?). It's as if five-year-old Feiffer political cartoons were being offered to a 1968 audience which is now embarrassed to remember that it laughed at them. *Superworm*'s moral may be that the system can both withstand and smoothly absorb direct action even though it may totally destroy those who initiate action, but the novel boomerangs into a brief for the assertion that frustrated and ineffectual peace creeps, no matter how witty their fantasies, are pretty dull company.

FEEL FREE. *By David Slavitt. Delacorte Press. 242 pp. $4.95.*

Feel Free is a Jewish soap opera with Malamudic ambitions. The situation is promising: Bernie Lazarus, husband and father, goes bankrupt in fabrics, and welcomes the event as a chance at a new life. He'll lower his standard of living, and plunge now into the freedom from materialism that he's always longed for. But Ruth (you know Ruth) doesn't want to give up the house; she's ashamed in front of her own millionaire family at Bernie's fall; she likes nice things. Bernie, intent on his dream, leaves her, and starts living with old girl friend Rose (she's left rich Charlie, always neglecting her, talking about deals). They get an apartment on 14th Street, but things don't work out. Rose goes back to Charlie, but Ruth still likes nice things, can't see it Bernie's way even though he's proved he's somebody by tipping off her family to one of Charlie's big stock deals (Rose told him about it in bed). A tragic and prophetic ending gets slapped on. There's a curious deadness about this novel. Mr. Slavitt strains for a style that doesn't come naturally; and it's hard to care about his characters, especially for Lazarus (get it?) himself, who just doesn't have the nobility with which the author keeps trying to harness him.

THE ARTIST TYPE. *By Brian Glanville. Coward-McCann. 192 pp. $4.50.*

Brian Glanville's tenth novel is about what publishers persist in calling "the sex game" (is that anything like the marriage game, or the pervert game?). Set in London, it's about Geoff (a former actor, he is, reluctantly, in the ad game), who is torn between two women; dull, pretty, bourgeois Jane, who loves him, supports him and marries him, and rich, beautiful, sexy, cruel Audrey, who uses him. Naturally, he can't stop panting after Audrey. The book doesn't pretend to be any more serious than it is (medium), and, like a good Lelouche film, it has a verve, momentum and immediacy that are completely absorbing.

THE ARTIFICIAL TRAVELER. *By Warren Fine. Coward-McCann. 255 pp. $4.95.*

It's by now old hat to book people that unless first novels are heavily promoted by their publishers, they get shockingly little review attention. If, in addition to this handicap, they contain material which challenges and confuses the reviewer or makes him at all uneasy about their content, they stand an excellent chance of being almost totally ignored. (It is delightful, in a sadistic way, to consider what would happen today if early review copies of, say, a *Ulysses,* by an unknown author, began arriving for the first time, unaccompanied either by explanatory flap copy or advance raves from literary types.) This combination of circumstances probably accounts for the ringing silence which has greeted the publication (in January) of *The Artificial Traveler.* Warren Fine's novel is about the godliness of some beautiful and possessed people in the Midwest. I found its Biblical allusions formidable, perplexing and a little pretentious, but Mr. Fine's prose style, and the intensity of his talent for character and narrative are so far superior to those of most first —or simply, most—novelists who get published today, that to miss reading his book would be a shame.

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Public Speech

A CONTINUING JOURNEY. *By Archibald MacLeish. Houghton Mifflin Co. 374 pp. $5.95.*

SHERMAN PAUL

Mr. Paul teaches English at the University of Iowa. His most recent book is Edmund Wilson: A Study of Literary Vocation in Our Time *(University of Illinois Press). He is also the author of* Louis Sullivan: An Architect in American Thought *(Prentice-Hall).*

The title of this new collection of Archibald MacLeish's essays and addresses fits exactly the occasion of this work and its themes. MacLeish's journey, for a long stretch of his life, has been, as he says, "continuous in its direction." It is appropriate, therefore, to record its most recent stage—the years from the end of World War II to the present—in a book that can be placed beside the earlier landmarks of *A Time To Speak* (1941) and *A Time To Act* (1943).

MacLeish's journey is over farther reaches of time than the contemporary era; it begins, historically, several centuries back in the collapse of old certainties, but it moves, as he sees it, in the inevitable direction of human life, ever forward toward "greater and greater individuality." The movement of mankind with which he allies himself and for which he speaks is toward "the fulfillment of consciousness," a fulfillment already achieved perhaps by his heroes Job and Prometheus, for it is "an individual, not a herd, achievement." Nothing collective, institutional, communitarian compromises this destiny, which is also spiritual, in the largest sense "our mysterious journey," and, in the more immediate example of the intrepid modern artist, a "far journey" into the interior world of self.

As occasions of this journey the essays and addresses have for background a grand and perilous landscape. Their themes, not unexpectedly, are invariably profound: the destiny of man and the destiny of the Republic, and the corruptions and failures of the "human heart" that, more than anything, according to MacLeish, jeopardize these high courses.

All of them testify to his choice of singleness and duty, to the moral need and imperative that he feels gives him his public mission: and all "address" us —address our lapse of moral courage and human faith, our flawed individualism— and speak hearteningly to us. The title of the initial group "The Idea of Man" comes from Valéry's remark that "all politics presuppose an idea of man," and this provides the way into the specifically political sections, "State of the Union"

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and "The Second Civil War," and those sections no less political in import, "Writers in a Wrong Time," in which he presents again the issue of the writer's responsibility raised in *The Irresponsibles* (1940), and "Teaching and Harvard," in which he treats the necessary and remedial work to be done by literary studies in a time when the idea of man is diminished.

There is little here with which one wishes to take exception, for what is here belongs to the body of verities that comprise a noble human—and, as MacLeish insists, American—faith. Who would argue the tragic view of man given us by the Greeks and the equally wonderful view of his grandeur presented by Rilke in *"Archäischer Torso Apollos"*? (Rilke and Yeats are his supreme modern poets.) Who would argue the contemporary dissociation of sensibility and the uses of art and education in restoring man's wholeness? And since this human faith is inseparable from the American faith, who would argue, especially when MacLeish denies the sharp questioning of our history by Niebuhr and Lippmann, the American dream of man, the Jeffersonian declaration of his inalienable rights? Finally, now, in the crisis of our time, when MacLeish sees the erosion of that faith in the widespread willingness to forgo the hardships of freedom for the transitory security of authority, who would argue the fact that we have betrayed our past and shown that the foremost need of the Republic is "some renewal of belief in the spiritual possibilities of man"?

I LIFT A GLASS,

in a sweeping movement
into the light.
My fingers are magnified
by the mass of water between them.
Light is broken,
the spectrum spreads
above the belly of my index finger
Shadows deepen in the joints
gripping the transparent substance,
fingertip faces staring into it
into me; I lie
inside the body
of my own hand, locked
in my own grip,
wrinkles of my own skin
flattened against my embryo
breathing without a sound
looking straight into the crotch
between my fingers my legs up there
a little soft concave shadow,
an opening?

LENNART BRUCE

The essential liberalism of this secular faith (a liberalism well characterized by Richard Chase's "conservative impulse, radical idea") accounts for the most authentic moments of the record: MacLeish's early and forthright stand against the anti-Communist diplomacy of containment and his prophetic assessment of the moral damage a merely negative policy would do, and his equally courageous stand against McCarthyism. (In a farewell speech to his colleagues in the Department of English at Harvard, he recalls the unceremonious but splendid occasion in Sanders Theatre when the faculty commended "the courage of the University administration in standing, wholly alone and without measurable public support, against the most vicious menace to intellectual freedom in the history of Harvard. . . .")

Still, one is unhappy with this book and must take exception to its pervasive gentility, to the manner of its speech and the tone, which make addresses of almost all of these thirty-eight pieces and none of them satisfactory confrontations of our political troubles or essays that truly bear witness. *A Continuing Journey* may be "a private history" for its author, but for us, to borrow the title of the book of poems that announced his public role, it is "public speech." It is speech, moreover, little altered from that of his earlier addresses and sounding now, out of habit perhaps as much as ceremonial demand and certainly because the speech of a new generation powerfully countervails it, like an ancestral voice. Not a voice engaged enough to challenge us, for its occasions of commencement, dedication and tributes were not especially challenging, but stock occasions rather for crying us down in order to raise up and console us.

In these public pieces, MacLeish is serving a Republic that looms ever larger in his speech as it recedes from him—no wonder he speaks of "betrayal." He is trying to affirm what is hard to affirm and so increasingly turns to "the words of the founders and defenders." He calls us to move forward but his exhortation fails because he is himself looking backward and has little besides exhortation and comfort-making argument to give us—and the old faith will not do the work of practical proposals. What Hemingway (celebrated here) said about embarrassment over big words applies; after a while "America," as MacLeish wrote in another context in "American Letter," becomes neither place nor people but a "great word," a holy of holies before which to perform the rites of patriotism.

One misses in MacLeish the candor of full personal exposure; his public speech is the speech of matters already public. He chooses the authority of the public rather than the private man; and he is not as convincing as those who choose the latter, Isaac Rosenfeld for example, a writer of this period in MacLeish's journey whose collected pieces in *An Age of Enormity* sound depths unacknowledged by him. His patriotism is unassailable, but it lacks the lively and certifying ring of the following passage from one of his equally ardent Jeffersonian compatriots, Paul Goodman: "I am walking briskly down 23rd Street after having finished *Growing Up Absurd* —I am carrying the last chapter to the publisher, 'The Missing Community'—and suddenly I find myself whistling *The Star-Spangled Banner*!, confidently fighting for my country against the system that is destroying her. . . . This book, and most of the rest of what I have bravely done this year . . . have sprung directly from reading Washington's Circular Letter. That did fire me and gave me something to do."

And most distressing in MacLeish's work is not the pretentiousness of profundity, the crisis-mode, or the salvation to be had by faith alone but the alienation of his own speech. The public voice of these addresses is curiously personal. Listen to the opening sentences of a piece on the fight to desegregate the University of Mississippi: "Most things, public

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things, happen and go by and you forget about them, but not the Mississippi riots. Not for me, anyway, and I don't suppose I'm alone." There is an echo here of the voice of E. B. White, one of the genuine voices of our time, but it has too much equanimity, too little inflection of personal concern. It misses what White always hits: the exact equivalence of fact and feeling. It stages a feeling, makes it an abstraction, which may be why the ceremonial occasion is so attractive to MacLeish. It seems insincere, is achieved by artfulness, by loosening the style. And it belies what it professes: it summons us to return to American Scripture, to read in the primer of the old-time faith, to ponder the profiles of courage and decency, but in itself is not their warrant, lacking the precious individuality and daring consciousness to make them good.

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THEATRE / Robert Hatch

Rolf Hochhuth's didactic purpose in life is to bring certain dominant figures of World War II to the dock of public esteem. Pope Pius (*The Deputy*) was cold to the fate of Europe's Jews; Winston Churchill (*Soldiers*, now playing at the Billy Rose) was indifferent to the lives of the citizens of Hamburg and Dresden, and capable (whether or not culpable) of assenting to the murder of General Sikorski, the Polish Prime Minister in Exile. An examination of FDR is in progress.

Hochhuth, it will be seen, does not waste his energies (and in research he is prodigious) on obvious villains. He is disturbed, rather, by the good man's compromise with evil under the pressure of war. Or, perhaps, he traces war to the fact that men called good are capable of such compromises. In any case, he has an instinct for the inconvenient thesis, and his plays move toward the stage in a storm of controversy that guarantees maximum attention for their pronouncements and minimum examination of their form. (The British censors, with the folly of their peculiar vocation, banned *Soldiers* and made it an object of national curiosity.)

It is not to be presumed that Hochhuth has plotted this road to theatrical fame, but it may well have been the only one open to him. His gifts are almost entirely polemical. He appears to understand the theatre, not as a stage on which things happen but as a platform on which things are said. His characters are not created, they are summoned; they do not unfold, they are displayed.

Thus the three acts of *Soldiers* (I ignore the fact that it is a play within a play, since the surrounding envelope is no more than a tedious attempt to lend contemporary force to events whose continuing relevance is self-evident) take place aboard a warship in the North Sea, in Churchill's bedroom, presumably at 10 Downing Street, and in the garden at Chequers. But these locations, or the Prime Minister's appearance from scene to scene in a nautical jacket, boisterous pajamas and an RAF uniform, have no bearing on the playback of statements made (or judiciously assumed to have been made) by Churchill and certain of his close associates in 1943. The purpose of locale and dress is visual variety, not dramatic movements.

The interest to be derived from this work is in historical detection and the significant juxtaposition of texts; it has nothing to do with drama, and is indeed so inappropriate to the stage that its content can be grasped only imperfectly under conditions of exhausting concentration. The only play offered here by Hochhuth is an affection that grows between Churchill's secretary and a young Polish officer, and is destroyed by the actions of their superiors; a playwright would of course have brought these two bit parts to the center of the work. Aside from this, the spectacle is a waxworks wired for sound—but sound that is innocent of any knowledge that if lines are to prevail on the stage they must be written for the stage.

The museum ghoulishness of the piece is accentuated by the appearance of the principals, and particularly of Churchill. By use of very heavy (and perfectly apparent) make-up, John Colicos is made to look a good deal like Churchill (in some poses, disconcertingly like W. C. Fields). But no one who ever saw or heard Churchill could be fooled for a moment. The tone of voice, the attitudes, the stature are insufficient—I had to fight the (at least melodramatic) supposition that the real Churchill had been disposed of by the Gestapo. As for Lord Cherwell and General, Sir Alan Brooke, they are given the presence of junior masters at a boys' school. But suppose the impersonations had been faultless, suppose this was Churchill miraculously returned, what would that have to do with acting? It would be mere mimicry, a trick, a mechanical duplication at the pole opposite to creating a stage image.

The truth is that real playwrights do not put public figures of world renown at the center of their canvases, because to do so would be to frustrate the invention of character development and human relations that impels them to write plays. Shakespeare? But Henry V died in 1422, Richard III in 1485, and Shakespeare was born in 1564. Nor did those monarchs write memoirs, appear in newsreels, or record their speeches with the B.B.C. There is a great deal still to be said about Churchill—and, whether correct or not, Hochhuth has added his opinion to the conversation. But there is nothing to be done with him on the stage, and there won't be for 100 years.

Now, for the good of the theatre, if not of history, I trust that Hochhuth is not amassing evidence to demonstrate that Roosevelt planned Pearl Harbor. True or false, it won't play.

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